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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store, Main St. WOODLAND, CAL.
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Will attend to the collection af accounts.
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WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.
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PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,
Dealer in
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Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.
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Collections Receive Prompt Attention.
County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

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Opposite Craft Hotel,
WOODLAND.
GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.
Charges moderate—All work warranted.

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SADDLE AND HARNFSS MAKER
Importer from the East.
Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.
Two doors west of Express Office,
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mar15

MILLINERY.
MRS. FITZGERALD.
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE.
COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.
Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.
Main Street,.....Woodland.
CHARMAK & LEVY
Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected tock of
GROCERIES
—AND—
PROVISIONS
As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel
As Cheap as the Cheapest.
—THE—
DRY GOODS
—AND—
CLOTHING
DEPARTMENT
Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

DRESSMAKING!
MRS. JOHN WEBBER,
The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,
GIVE HER A CALL.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!
THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.
Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.
It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.
It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.
I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.
☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to
BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.
CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.
G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.
GEORGE SIMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.
The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.
Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 30, 1879.
G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.
Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of itc excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,
Sold Agents for Yolo County,
Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

Great Bargains!
—IN—
F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!
Mattresses, Etc.
Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.
Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.
W. D. COMSTOCK,
5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.
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THOMAS & HUNT,
Buyers of and Dealers in
Grain and Wool.
OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,
Main Street,.....Woodland.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

'Tis fifty years since we were wed.
Dear wife, and still I love thee
As much as when at first I said
No time would ever move me.

Nor change across our hearts has been
Since we joined hands together;
Then light thy foot was on the green
And on the purple heather.

Thy cheeks the rose's hue expressed,
Thy breast like lilies blowing,
The scented thorn thy breath confessed,
Thine eyes the morning's glowing.

Thy smile was more than wealth to me,
Thy voice was joy's begetting.
Though years bring wedlock's jubilee,
To us there's no regretting.

The rose has vanished from thy cheek,
Thy footstep's tint its lightness,
Thy lips in quavering accents speak,
Thine eye has lost its brightness.

Though time has ravished all thy charms,
And stolen my manhood's glory;
Our heart and pulse beat no alarms
Beneath his mantle hoary.

And though with Time we still abide
On this our golden wedding.
Kind Providence is still our guide
Along the paths we're treading.

And, as we near our journey's end,
The cord of life be riven,
The arch of faith and hope extends
From earth to bliss in heaven.

Bucket Shops.

The "combination system" of investment in stocks, urged upon the public, is nothing new except in name. The "system" modestly requests the investment of an enormous sum of money, in contributions ranging from ten to one hundred dollars, upon no other security than promises of large returns from small investments. Here is a direct attempt to inveigle the poor and those in moderate circumstances into a golden snare which has, and always will, result in loss or ruin, to nearly all who are attracted by it. Upon the ground that "wealth is strength" you are plausibly invited to combine your respective small amounts into one grand pool, in the hands, and under the exclusive control of irresponsible parties, to be operated with according to their discretion; to bull or bear the stock market or to put your money into their own pockets if they may think proper. "All the fools are not yet dead," is the corner-stone of their enterprise, and the foundation of their success.

If "wealth is strength," and a thousand people, with $100 each, can do nothing in the way of speculating as *Individuals*," what has become of the combined wealth of some of our best and most solid men? Drawn into this fever of speculation by just such fallacies, they now, from their dishonorable graves, cry out in warning to you, Beware!

You are assured of *absolute* success in your investments in their stock operations. A falser and more dishonest representation was never made in any of the gambling hells of Europe whence this "combination system" came.

It is incredible how any one can be deceived by this barefaced falsehood, with the certain knowledge derived from sad experience demonstrating the lie so plainly, that "he who runs may read." There is no certainty in any *legitimate* business, and even the *probability* of success in stock operations stands at *zero*.

The signs of the times indicate another struggle to bring disaster upon us, before preventive laws can be passed to drive these swindling fallacies from our State. If, dazzled by gilded lies, you may invest in this thing, you will surely behold capital leaving the State—capital which should be kept here. The effort to keep it here is an easy one to make, the secret of it is "do not invest" in these swindles.—*Scientific Press.*

At the Court of England it is no longer a secret that the Prince Imperial was in love with the Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's yonngest and only unmarried daughter. He hoped that by going to Zuzuland and winning the Victoria cross by some act of valor the many difficulties in the way of an alliance might be overcome; but it would have required an act of Parliament to permit the girl to marry a Catholic.

There was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler who boasted of his ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we ploughmen say, "the older the seed, the worse the crop."

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about or knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printers' cases or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock the down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When you enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheet for it may not be ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand.

Thou should not delude thyself with the thought that thou hast saved a few cents when thou hast secured a deadhead copy of his paper, for whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget your meanness.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his admirable papers on "Intellectual Life," thus talks to the man who stops his paper: "Newspapers are to the civilized world that the daily house talk is to the members of the family—they keep our daily interest in each other, they save us from the evils of isolation. To live as a member of the great white race that has filled Europe and America and colonized or conquered whatever territory it has pleased to occupy, to share from day to day its thoughts, its cares, its inspirations, it is necessary that every man should read his paper. Why are the French peasants so bewildered and at sea? It is because they never read a newepaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, through scattered over a territory fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concerted action, so much more alive and modern, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds, and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspapers penetrate everywhere, and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great current of public life which flows through the telegraph and press."

Governor Irwin's proclamation calling a general election for Wednesday, September 3d, has been issued. There are to be elected a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Controller, Treasurer; Attorney-General, Surveyor-General, Clerk of the Supreme Court, Superintendent of Public Instruction, 40 Senators (10 in San Francisco), 80 Representatives (20 in San Francisco), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and 6 Associate Justices, 68 Judges of the Superior Courts, 3 Railroad Commissioners, 4 Members of the State Board of Fqualization, and 4 Representatives to Congress. In addition there are the usual county and municipal officers. The proclamation states:

In pursuance of an Act of the Legislature entitled "An Act to ascertain and express the will of the people of the State of California upon the subject of Chinese immigration," approved December 21, 1877, I hereby call upon the electors of the State, at the election proclamation whereof is herein made, to signify their will as to the continuance or prohibition of Chinese immigration, by placing on their ballots the words "For Chinese Immigration," or the words "Against Chinese Immigration."

Ned Shuter thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned. "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

Hon. C. P. Berry.

A correspondent of the Healdsburg *Enterprise* writes as follows: Among all the good men nominated for office this year, no one is more prominent as the friend of the people than C. P. Berry. Having a legislative experience extending over a period of four sessions of the Legislature, he is thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the people, and earnestly desirous of carrying out all needed reforms. No man has made a more gallant fight to relieve the people from the merciless exactions of the corporations. In no instance has he ever gone back on any pledges made to the people, and no one has ever accused him of being moved by any corrupt influences. When a man has won the confidence and respect of every one acquainted with his public career, and the hatred of every one seeking by corrupt means to control legislation, he has certainly done enough to commend himself to all who want an honest Congressman. An acquaintance with Mr. Berry of seventeen years enables the writer to speak advisedly. The people have trusted Mr. Berry on many occasions, believing that he would stand by their interests, and in no case have they been disappointed. They now propose to stand by their faithful servant and show their appreciation of an honest and able man by sending him to Congress. Being thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the producing classes, able, honest and liberally educated he will at once take a leading position in a body where a man who is both honest and able can be of incalculable advantage to his State. There is little doubt about the election of Mr. Berry by a handsome majority.

Popularity of the Bicycle.

The bicycle appears to be coming into use again in the West as a means of exercise and amusement. Two gentlemen recently had a trial of speed at Cincinnati, and the result shows that as a means of locomotion the velocipede is not to be despised. One of the contestants made a hundred miles in nine hours and twenty-four and one-half minutes' actual running time. It has taken the best of the walkers more than twice the number of hours to do this distance, and long-distance walking involves a great deal more exertion and fatigue. It seems strange that the bicycle isn't brought into use as a practical motor; it would save its cost in street-car fares in a very short time, and the exercise is not only beneficial but highly agreeable. Some ten years ago these things had something of a run in this country, and large numbers of young men became skillful riders. For a time they were not a novelty on the steets of some of the larger cities, but they dropped away as suddenly as they appeared, and hardly anything has been seen of one since. In England and even in France the bicycle has been retained not only, but its use has been steadily increasing until now it is estimated that in England alone not less than 100,000 keep whirling about.

DRAWING IN SCHOOLS.—The report of the judges on the school drawings lately exhibited at Boston, from various towns of the State, says that there is no feature of the exhibition this year so pronounced as the "systematic educational treatment of drawing in public schools, to make it useful as a preparation for the practical duties of life, as well as to employ it as an implement of education whereby knowledge of other studies may be acquired, rather than to consider it as an ornamental study only, of little practical importance. It is a triumph for drawing as an elementary branch of education, that all mere picture-making has been abolished, and a thing of work having industrial aims and means sustituted for the thing of play that drawing used to be."

Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll comes to the defence of the Jews against Corbin with that energy which he displays in whatever he does; the point of inconsistency that he makes against Christians in their actions towards the Jews—that they have worshiped the dead and persecuted the living—is one of the best things that the controversy has brought out.

One Life.

The Angel of Death came down,
And knocked at the door of a heart—
The heart of a maiden. Shudderingly
She cried, "O Death, depart!
For I am too young and fair," she said,
"To lay me down with the mouldering dead."

The years sped on, and the maid
Was a woman! wan and white;
The heart's pure blossoms of worth and truth
Were crushed by deadliest blight.
"Ah! come, most welcome Death," she said,
"And let me rest with the quiet dead."

And an Angel came—not death,
But mercy—on wings of love;
Then that penitent heart threw wide the door,
And was linked to the Christ above.
"Now in *Thy* time, O God," she said,
"I shall sleep in peace with the righteous dead."

—*Mrs. S. L. Howell.*

Early Life of Michael Angelo.

In the year 1474, on Monday the 6th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, was born at the Castle of Carprese, in the territory of Areggo, Michael Angelo, son of Ludrico de Lionardo de Buonarotti, Governor of Chiusi and of Carprese, and descended from one of the most ancient families of Tuscany. Although at this period of Florentine history, commerce and trade were considered as most honorable pursuits, and, indeed to these were ascribed the great power and riches of the State, the father of the little Michael Angelo destined him for his own profession, and already foresaw him a future governor, nay ambassador; far from thinking that he was destined to become what he contemptuously termed a mason!

But there is a destiny attached to the lives of celebrated men, and fate selected for Michael, as his nurse, the wife of a stone mason, and whilst the child, thus thrown under her care, grew strong and robust in the sun and air, his infant hands, hardened by exposure, grasped the chisel and hammer, and his first cries mingled with the harsh grating of the saw. In vain the proud parent sought to curb the only inclination the boy manifested; even at school he continued to escape the vigilance of the master, and obtained the notice of the artist Ghirlandajo, who said of him, "He is a rising star that will live to eclipse the brightest planet now shining." He was even induced to seek Michael's father, and beseeching him not to oppose the manifest vocation of his son, offered to take him as an apprentice to his art.

At this proposal, the podesta started from his seat in a paroxysm of rage; but after awhile he went calmly to his work, wrote an engagement on the behalf of his son for three years, and with an expression of countenance little less affecting than that with which Brutus signed the death warrant of his son, handed him over to Ghirlandajo. With one bound Michael cleared the staircase, throwing up his cap with joy. He burned his grammar; true, he was not much more than a servant at Ghirlandajo's; but what did that matter? He was free to pursue his own tastes, he was happier than a Medicis! He could now bedaub the walls as he chose, he could grind his colors, sketch, or if a morsel of plaster fell in his way, he could mould it to his will, without fearing to have his ears pulled. Before he had attained the age of thirteen, he was already a great artist, and his success had naturally created both jealousy and enmity. A blow from Torregiano, when they as boys worked together, broke the cartilage of his nose, and disfigured that feature for life.

On the other hand, Michael Angelo could not fail to find as many friends, among the most celebated men of the age. Benvenuto Cellini, whose great genius and talents ranked with those of Buonarotti, was his most ardent admirer, and never designated him but as the "divine Buonarotti."

During the boy-artist's wanderings in the gardens of the Medici palace, he met some of the stone-cutters who had formerly rocked his cradle; they were ever delighted to see him, and frequently obtained him a view of the treasures of the gallery, then in its infancy. Michael Angelo contemplated with veneration the mutilated specimens of art. The workmen one day offered him a bit of marble, requesting that he would employ it as he liked, and come hither as he chose.

His only answer was to grasp a chisel throw off his jacket, and begin to hammer out the outline of a faun's head. Often then was the workshop deserted, to the great displeasure of the master. One day, whilst putting the finishing strokes to his old faun, a man about forty years of age, plain in person and shabbily attired, stopped, and silently watched him as he worked. Michael Angelo continued to work on, heeding him no more than the dust which fell from his chisel. When he had given the last touch he drew back, as artist's are wont, to look on the effect of the head. For this probably, the silent observer had waited, for he slowly approached, and putting his hand on the young artist's shoulder, "My friend," said he, smilingly, "with your leave I would make an observation."

Michael Angelo turned quickly, and with a somewhat impatient and caustic air, replied, "An observation—you!"

"A criticism, if you prefer it."

"Upon my faun's head?"

"Upon your faun's head."

"And who are you, sir, who fancy you have a right to criticise my work?"

"It matters not to you who I am, provided my criticism is just."

"And who will decide sir, which of us two is in the right?"

"I will leave the decision to yourself."

"Well, sir, speak," said Michael Angelo, crossing his arms in a defiant manner.

"Was it not your object to make an *old* faun laughing immoderately?"

"Undoubtedly; it is easy to be discovered."

"Well, then," said the other, "where did you ever see old men with all their teeth perfect?"

The boy blushed to his eyes, and bit his lip. The observation was correct. He only waited till the individual had turned his back, when with one stroke of his chisel he knocked out two of the faun's teeth, and even decided on hollowing out the gum on returning next day. The gardens accordingly were no sooner opened than Michael Angelo entered; but the faun had disappeared, and in its place stood the person he had seen the preceding day.

"Where is my head?" asked the young sculptor?"

"It has been removed by my command," replied the stranger, with his accustomed apathy.

"And who are you sir, who dare to give orders in the gardens of the great Medicis?"

"Follow me, and you shall learn!"

"I will follow, to force you to restore me my faun."

"Perhaps you will be better satisfied to leave it where it is."

"We shall see."

"We shall see," echoed the stranger, and then took the path to the palace, with the same calm demeanor; but on his beginning to ascend the staircase, the boy, seemingly terrified as well as angry, caught his arm, saying, "Where are you going, sir? You are approaching the apartments of the prince, and although he may overlook an intrusion in the royal gardens, we here run great risk."

On proceeded the stranger, the servants rising as he approached, the guards saluting.

Michael was lost in wonder. "Even supposing him one of the household (he thought to himself), my faun belongs to me, and he ought to restore it; my labor is my own, and I can pay him for the marble." The galleries, the saloons were passed through without interruption. Good heavens! it must be at least the secretary, whom I have thus cavalierly treated," thought the boy.

The stranger threw open the door of a room magnificently furnished, and enriched with all that was most valuable in art, and the trembling child considered himself as lost, when he remembered his treatment of one powerful enough to be able to approach Lorenzo de Medicis without being announced. Whilst he was stammering out an apology, he raised his eyes, and saw his old faun placed on a superb bracket.

"You see, my friend," said the stranger, with the same mild and kind manner, "that if I had your faun removed from the garden, it was to place it in a more suitable position."

"But," cried the youthful artist, "what will the prince say, when he discovers this poor attempt among so many precious works?"

The prince held out his hand: "Take it, my friend."

Any other than Michael Angelo would have thrown himself at his feet; but he burst into tears, and bowing his head, convulsively pressed the hand offered him by Lorenzo the Magnificent. "Henceforward thou art here at home, my friend; thou wilt work here, dine at my table, and I shall treat you as one of my children. Go to my wardrobe, and desire that they give thee a rich cloak of velvet; velvet exactly like that worn by Peter and John de Medicis, on days of ceremony."

"My lord," replied the boy, deeply affected, "suffer me first to go to my father, that he may share my happiness. He turned me from his roof as a disobedient and worthless child, and I would return thither a submissive and devoted child. I know my father to be as just as he is inflexible, and he will admit that I have a right to be proud of my disobedience. From this day I may carry my head high; for Lorenzo de Medicis the first man of the age, has consecrated me an artist."

"Right, my child; and you may also tell your father, that my patronage will extend to all your family. This very day I will receive him at the palace, and I will bestow on him any appointment in in Florence that may be suited to him."

Old Buonarotti was quietly breakfasting in his room, which he had scarcely left since he had lost his son, when loud and repeated knocking at the door nearly drove it from its hinges. The governor hastened to open it himself, but drew back at the sight of Michael Angelo, whom he did not immediately recognize. Pale, breathless, his head bare, his dress in disorder, covered with dust and plaster, the boy made a spring from the door to throw himself into his father's arms.

"Begone!" cried the governor, trembling with passion.

"Father, hear me, I implore, before you thus drive me from you. Listen to me for one moment."

"You would thus force me to curse you."

"I come from the palace."

"I neither wish to know whence you come, nor what you do. I had once a son called Michael Angelo. He was to have been (at least I hoped so) the glory, the support of my family, the joy, the comfort of my old age, but I have lost this ungrateful and disobedient son, thank God—he is no longer here, I sold him to the sculptor Ghirlandajo for eighteen florins."

"For my mother's sake, hear me! behold me at your feet."

"Back to your mason's, that is your place."

"My place!" said Michael Angelo, rising proudly from his knees, "*my* place is in the apartment of princes; my place is among the first artists of Florence; my place is at the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent."

"My God, my God, he is mad!" exclaimed the poor father, passing from rage to terror.

"But follow me, follow me, and you will see that the great Lorenzo has taken me by the hand, that he has placed me in his palace, that he expects you, that he offers you an employment, according to your choice."

The old Buonarotti was completely upset; he held his head between his hands, and asked of himself which had his reason, his son or himself. Michael Angelo, not allowing him further time for reflection, dragged him by force to the palace of the great Medicis. The governor believed himself to be in a dream. No guard forbade their approach, and the courtiers drew back respectfully to give them passage. At the door of the prince's closet a page raised the hanging curtain, and the old Buonarotti stood with his son in the presence of the Medicis.

"Sir," said the prince, coming forward and courteously addressing him, "I have been the cause of disturbing you, in order to ask your leave that I may retain about me a son of whom you may be justly proud, and who bids fair to become the first artist of his time. My house shall be his home, and his salary you will yourself name. In return I make you only one request; your son has probably already told you what. It is that you ask of me an appointment most suitable to your taste and habits. It is granted beforehand."

"My son," replied the agitated father, endeavoring to master his emotion, "will, I think, be paid beyond his deserts, if he receives five ducats monthly."

"And for yourself, sir?"

"For myself, prince, I ask a trifling situation now vacant in the customs; it can only be given to a citizen of the state; I ask it, because it is a post I feel I can fill with honor."

"You will never be rich, my dear Buonarotti," laughingly replied the Medicis, "for, offered any situation you please, you content yourself with a little place in the customs."

"Enough too—for the father of a *mason!*"

And thus was Michael Angelo de Buonarotti introduced to the patronage of the illustrious Medicis.

Women Blacksmiths in England.

The following description of women at the anvil is from a letter written by a correspondent of the Pall Mall *Gazette* from the village of Rowley Regis, Lancashire:—I came to a place called Belt End, which is apparently a new part of the old village. Through a small window I observed a female head bobbing up and down; soon I heard the sound of a hammer; and never having seen any rivet-making done by human hands, I threaded my way through some brick passages until I came to the little smithy where "Alice" was at work. This is the name by which her father called her, whom I met on my way, and to whom I am indebted for the following remarkable piece of knowledge. Alice, I may say, was a young wife, engaged in blowing bellows, heating pieces of iron in a "gleed" forge, and producing rivets from an anvil at the rate of three thousand a day. For this manual labor Alice, her father proceeded to tell me in her presence, gets from the warehouse one shiling and three-quarterpence, out of which she has to pay for wear and tear of tools one penny, carriage one penny, and a like sum for gleeds, a kind of small coke made expressly for nail and rivet forges. On Monday she does her washing, on Saturday her cleaning up, so that she only works at rivets four days in the week, and her gross earnings, therefore, amount to four shillings and threepence for forging twelve thousand rivets. I have said nothing of rent which Alice would pay, and which might amount to one shilling a week. She was a sedate young woman, well-spoken, with very fair hair and a low, sweet voice. John Price (Alice's father) then, at my request, took me to see his neighbors, Edward and Phyllis Tromans, who lived and worked at making nails close by. Phyllis is a handsome woman, with beautiful white teeth and abundance of flesh, which Rubens might have painted, it is so plentiful and rosy. This woman was forging large nails; and the manner in which she made a nail with a point and a head, with an inch and a half in circumference, fly off a piece of hot iron, was marvelous to behold. She works from eight o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, and in four days will forge fifty-four pounds weight of clout nails, for which she will receive the wondrous sum of three shillings and eightpence, out of which she has to pay fivepence for gleeds and twopence for tools. Her husband works "as hard as he can drive" from six o'clock in the morning until eleven at night; and his week's wages amount to twelve shillings, from which tenpence for gleeds and fourpence for tools will have to be deducted—to say nothing of rent. Edward Tromans was only forty-three years of age, but looked much nearer seventy. Two other young women were hammering away at rivets in company with Phillis, and never as long as I live shall I forget the little black smithy. I once traveled many miles to see "Vulcan's Forge," by Velasquez; but there was in that famous picture no figures equal to that of Phyllis Tromans, and I shall remember Phyllis to the day of my death. That such a woman should be slaving in soot—blowing the bellows, now with her left, and then wielding a hammer with her right hand—forging clout nails for twelve hours a day, in order to earn less than forty-pence a week, is a phenomenon that I would never have believed as being possible in England if I had not seen it.

BREATHING THROUGH THE MOUTH.—Catlin taught the world the importance of shutting the mouth and breathing through the nose. It would seem that his little book, entitled, "Shut your Mouth," is bearing fruit in Germany, where new thoughts receive more attention from physicians than anywhere else in the world. Respiration by the mouth is easier than by the nose, but not so safe. The nose, to a certain extent, fits the air for entering the lungs. The sense of smell prevents our breathing an air loaded with poisonous vapors. The moisture of the nasal cavities, to some extent, saturates the air and makes it less irritating to the throat and larynx. The inequalities of the nasal passage and the hairs catch the dust before it goes far enough to harm. On the other hand, breathing through the mouth dries the throat, and in children may cause false croup, catarrh and it may so affect the eustachian tube as to cause injury to the ear and deafness. So great, in the eyes of Dr. Guye, is the importance of breathing through the nose, that he has invented a little instrument to apply to the mouth in sleep, which holds it shut, and compels nasal breathing.

Affections, like spring flowers, break through the frozen ground at last, and the heart, which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

The Value of Agriculture.

The principal imports to the United States derived directly from agriculture, for the last year, were: Coffee, $49,800,000; hides and skins, $16,400,000; tea, $15,200,000; raw silk, $6,900,000; bread-stuffs, $10,000,000; manufactures of cotton, $19,000,000; flax and manufactures of flax, $15,400,000; fruit and nuts, $10,000,000; leather and leather goods, $7,000,000; silk goods, $21,300,000; sugars, $77,300,000; tobacco and cigars, $6,000,000; wines, $5,600,000; wool and woolens, $28,800,000. Total, $288,800,000.

Our exports of the same nature were: Living animals, $10,000,000; bread and breadstuffs, $206,700,000; raw cotton, $184,700,000; manufactured cotton, $10,600,000; leather and leather goods, $8,200,000; oils, $5,300,000; provisions, $125,600,000; tallow, $7,200,000; tobacco and manufactures thereof, $32,200,000; wood and manufactures thereof, $15,900,000. Total, $606,400,000.

The total value of our imports for the year was $460,680,326. The largest item is sugar, principally from Cuba. This country takes but little in return. Coffee is the next in importance. This comes principally from Brazil. Our re-export trade is next to nothing. We have not the merchant marine, and so England reaps the benefits of the ocean carrying trade. Our wealth consists principally in agricultural products, manufactured products, exported, really forming but a small figure in our aggregate export articles. Our domestic exports reach a total of $748,648,628, the total value of our agricultural exports reaching about $570,000,000. Curious, is it not, that a country, depending as we do almost exclusively on agriculture for our wealth, should have so small a proportion of persons engaged in agriculture to represent those interests in our state and national governments?—*Prairie Farmer.*

Breeding Turkeys.

There is no branch of the poultry business that yields so large a profit, if properly managed, as turkey-raising; yet breeders rarely undertake it without a feeling of uncertainty as to success. There are many different varieties, and each one has strong advocates; the bronze is very popular, on account of its size and beauty, and especially from the fact of its being a native of America. From a trio of healthy turkeys of almost any breed quite a large flock can be raised in a single season, care being used as to food and general treatment. There are few rules that will do to follow closely in turkey breeding; a good one is never to allow young turkeys not comfortably clad in feathers to run out while the dew is on the grass; for a chill, however slight, is most sure to be fatal. During the day, they should be allowed to roam, for turkeys cannot bear confinement, but long before nightfall pen them up in a roomy coop, after a liberal allowance of food—as much as they will eat, and no more—for to leave food lying about in reach of the brood, to grow stale and sour, will always result in feeble, undersized birds, if they survive the treatment at all. They are fond of milk, and should be regularly given it if convenient; chopped onions, bread crumbs, corn bread, cheese curds, or almost any clean, sweet food will insure health so far as feeding can possibly do. It is better for turkeys to be hatched early in the season, but at that time there is so much to contend with in the way of cold nights and wet days, that the breeder may well be proud of successful rearing of an early brood of young turkeys.—*American Stockman.*

Handling Colts.

We often find in agricultural papers, directions for "bitting" colts, and telling how to manage them when old enough to break.

I recollect my experience as a boy in breaking three-year-old colts, that had never been haltered, how they pitched me over their heads, and reared and plunged when first harnessed, and occasionally one of them would turn out so vicious as to be worthless. Since I have been raising colts, I have adopted a different plan, and have no trouble with them. As soon as a colt is ten days old I put a halter on him for an hour or two. I have the tie rein of the halter fastened to the head stall with a snap, and when I turn the colt loose, I leave the head stall on. By the time the colt has worn the halter two or three days and been tied a few times, he is ready to learn to lead. So when I am going to drive the mother, I tie the colt to the hame ring, and start off. A little care will be necessary the first time or two the mare is driven, and then you will have no more trouble. I always treat my colt kindly, feed and pet it a little, and never have any trouble to catch it. I have a filly now, two years old, whose mother could never be caught in the pasture without great trouble, but she is very kind, can be caught in the pasture anywhere, and you can tie her to the wagon and lead her anywhere you choose. We accustom our colts to the saddle and harness when young, and when old enough to work we have only to hitch them up and go at it, as there is no breaking to be done. I would never allow a colt to be a month old until it was taught to lead.—*Waldo, in Ohio Farmer.*

It was a warm afternoon, and young Mr. Cummagen did not go into the house, but sat down on the pleasant porch, as was his custom, after ringing the bell. Her little sister came to the door, and looked at him with some curiosity. "Does your sister Mabel know I am here, Nellie?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied the innocent prattler, "I guess she does; she told me to come out and see how nice and shady it made the front yard when you put your feet on the porch railing." He took them down and sat on them.—*Hawk-Eye.*

Now that "5 o'clock teas" are becoming so fashionable, a New York correspondent writes that women are already in trouble as to "what shall we talk about?" We always supposed that women were never at a loss for topics of conversation.

Through a Pair of Green Spectacles.

"Sit along a bit!"

I was at the end of the seat in the open horse-car, and so I did not "sit along" at all; but the other two "hitched," and Semiramis sat down.

Semaramis sat down and looked contented, but she did not say "thank you." I had noticed that she did not soften her somewhat dictatorial remark by a common-place "please." So I looked at her again. She was well-to-do in body and in dress. She neither wore too many rings on her fingers nor her diamond earrings in the street. She was not, however, a bashful woman. I judged that in a crowd she would stand solidly on her feet. It would be hard work to elbow her one side during a rush at the matinee. He husband had dropped into a seat behind to finish his cigar. He knew that his wife would get a seat. He had the easy air of a man who had been long used to carrying a full purse. I am sure he has the well-bred habit of shaving himself every morning.

It was a young man and a young woman who were told to sit along. He had bought a Coney Island *Times*—if that is the name of the sheet—and she was looking at it, so that I judged that neither of them knew much about literature of any sort. But he evidently wanted to entertain her—and reading an advertising sheet is a higher form of entertainment than munching candy—and she was neatly and modestly dressed and had a fresh young face. There was the faintest and prettiest ebb and flow of color on her cheeks as she was told to sit along, but obsolutely no other sign. Perhaps some half-obscured reminiscence of childhood made the words and tone less strange to her.

I told my wife about it when I got home, aad she said, with the intuitive judgment of a woman, that Semiramis was no lady.

I had suspected as much. Semiramis was not a real lady, but I am pretty sure that she was a well veneered lady. That is—and this is the way that veneered gentility can be detected—she was always lady-like when the circumstances were favorable. Experience, perhaps, has taught her that politeness pays at certain times. She judged that it was not worth her while to display this accomplishment in a horse-car.

I was sorry for Semiramis. Her wit was not sufficient to conceal her real nature from a chance spectator. She thought that she would be judged by the good taste of her attire; but when she opened her mouth it became evident that she was masquerading. Her ladyhood was put on, like her clothes. No doubt she has her sorrows. But who can pour the balm of sympathy into a heart which is only soft and gentle as a matter of policy?—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Edison.

If there is any word that should be abolished from the English language, it is that little word "if." This word has been an obstructionist ever since it came into vogue. We would have a great many desirable inventions now were it not that "if" stood in the way. "If" platinum were cheap, Edison could give us an inexpensive electric light. Platinum, on the contrary, is scarce and dear, and the supply rather precarious. coming, as it does, pricipally from the Ural Mountains. Expensive platinum is the one barrier that impedes Mr. Edison. He wants it cheapened, and so he has sent the following circular to postmasters and miners in every part of the country where platinum is likely to be found:

FROM THE LABORATORY OF T. A EDISON,
MENLO PARK, N. J., U. S. A.

DEAR SIR—Would you be so kind as to inform me if the metal platinum occurs in your neighborhood? This metal, as a rule, is found in scales associated with free gold, generally in placers.

If there is any in your vicinity, or if you can gain information from experienced miners as to localities where it can be found and will forward such information to my address, I will consider it a special favor, as I shall require large quantities in my new system of electric lighting.

An early reply to this circular will be greatly appreciated.

Very truly,
THOS. A. EDISON,
Menlo Park, N. J.

Many answers have been already received. One miner writes, forwarding a splendid specimen, that the washings from his gold mines abound in it, but goid being so much more desirable, the platinum has hitherto been neglected. Another tells of a vein which contains the metal in larger quantities than gold, and a United States military officer writes that he knows a placer which can be made to yield at an inconsiderable cost fifty to seventy-five ounces per day. Another correspondent states that the metal can be furnished from his mine in any quantity at little over $1 per ounce, and so on. Edison has opened negotiations with many of these, and thus hopes to surmount the "if" that stands in the way.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A KING'S TEST OF POLITENESS.—It is no doubt true politeness to defer to others' wishes, and take their sincerity for granted:

When Lord Stair was English Minister to the court of Louis XIV. of France, some one remarked to that monarch that the Earl of Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe.

"Is he?" said Louis. "We shall soon put him to the test."

Not long thereafter, the King invited Lord Stair to take a ride with him into the suburbs; and as the twain came to the side of the waiting coach, the monarch politely bowed to his lordship and bade him go in first.

Now think of *Le Grand Monarque!*—the man before whom Europe trembled and stood in awe. It is easy to judge what most men would have done, but Stair, with a smile and a polite bow, passed on and entered the carriage in advance of his august companion.

"Ah," said Louis afterwards, "the world is right in the character it gives his lordship! He troubles me not with empty ceremony."

The Zulus wear liver pads.

English vs. American.

To ourselves, says the London *Mayfair*, Americans are what we are to continental countries; they are the only foreigners who come among us as visitors and tourists, more or less apart from business purposes. We say "foreigners" with special intention. In spite of all the continental rubbish of public dinners about our community of blood and language, there are hardly two civilized nations farther apart in all essentials than the United States and the United Kingdom; no two nations are more ready to take ill-natured note of one another's faults and foibles and to observe each other through the yellow instead of the rose-colored lens of the spectacles. Only with us, in individual cases, a passion for all things American is by no means uncommon; while to find one of our cousins-german (very particularly German, with a strong dash of Irish mixture) who returns the compliment is so rare as to be practically a thing unknown. The conclusion is, of couse, obvious to the American mind, which naturally comes most in contact, during its travels, with the many sympathetic souls that enjoy nothing so much as flattering other countries at the expense of their own, and confirming foreigners in the prejudices they bring with them. It is not only the Parisian dress-maker who makes it a part of her business to tell American ladies in general that every American lady in particular has the finest taste in dress and the finest figure for dressing known to the profession, while the English woman is a clumsily-made creature, whom no effort of art will ever make other than a hopeless dowdy. What the same dress-maker tells her English customers is probably a little different; but then it is our way to believe in all the ill that is spoken of us; it is their way to believe in nothing but the good spoken of them—or rather to them. Perhaps what seems to us (entirely from our point of view) the most characteristic American illusion is their immovable belief that every Englishman, without exception, is an insular, conservative creature, who can never escape from a fixed groove of thoughts and ways, and who despises all thoughts and ways that are not his own; while the American is an open-minded cosmopolitan. Acting upon this principle, scarcely any American scruples to find fault with everything he or she finds here in such a way as to push candor beyond the bounds of politeness and to set down the very mildest attempt at defense or apology as the stiff necked stubbornness of a man who lives on an island. On the other hand, if an Englishman presumes to find fault with anything American, from morals to manners, from marriage and murder to close stoves, that is set down to the same stiff-necked insularity at least, if not to a purpose of intentional insult; so that what in an American is Cosmopolitan candor is held to be boorish stupidity in an Englishman. Sauce for the goose is by no means sauce for the gander. It is the commonest thing to hear Americans dilate upon the discomforts, inconveniences, stupidities, and so forth, for the sake of which they have foregone the civilization of New York and Paris. They expect us to acquiesce without a question. But woe to the Englishman, whether in their country or in his own, who ventures to suggest, however timidly and politely, that a sojourn in a London hotel, broken by a duty-pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, in company with a predetermination to draw unfavorable comparisons, is not the way to know us through and through. He will be set down as a blockhead and a boor—in short, as an Englishman. But worse will be the woe upon him if he lets drop a hint that he actually prefers his own native country to any other, or that any sort of aristocracy is better than mere plutocracy, or that there is no tyranny like that of a majority, or that the English language is not extinct among us, or that American humor is a little hackneyed, or that there is a slightly provincial air of too wholly mutual admiration about the culture of Boston—in these and a thousand other cases he will most assuredly raise a temper. For, odd as it may seem, while we in our hearts care exceedingly little, if anything at all, what Americans think about us, those intensely clever and cultivated people care a great deal about what is thought about them by our stupid selves. If it be true that we have the masculine vanity of self-content, in spite of our absurd national habit of self-depreciation, they certainly display the feminine vanity of being discontented unless they are openly admired.

A YOUNG INDIAN HERO.—Captain Bennet, an Indian of Mackinaw, lost his house by fire, but his little son gained a reputation as a hero:

The three children of the Indian who had charge of the place had been left locked up in the house, while he and his wife were visiting his wife's mother. The oldest of the children was a boy eight years of age.

The house took fire in the night, and the boy, not being able to get out of the doors, and the windows being securely fastened, was only able to escape by taking an axe and chopping his way out of the window.

He then took the younger children out. They remained about the house till morning, wrapping their feet up in some blankets to keep from freezing. They waited until noon the next day for their parents to come, and they not doing so, the little fellow put the two smaller ones on a hand-sled and hauled them down to their grandfather's, four miles distant.—*Northern* (Mich.) *Tribune.*

To grow geranium cuttings: Take coarse, clean sand about three inches in depth, insert the cuttings about one to one and a half inches deep therein; press the sand firmly around them, and water freely at first; afterwards, use it sparingly. One cause of geranium cuttings turning black is the keeping of them too wet. No kind of cuttings are better adapted for sending by mail than geraniums, as the drying of the cut seed is conducive to rooting them easily, and they universally give satisfaction.

Life at Saratoga.

Talk about "poetry of motion"—the ballet and all that sort of thing. It's well enough, but you should have been standing by me when I gazed after Edwin Booth, as he traversed the long court-yard which separates his cottage at the Union from the great mass of humanity inclosed within the walls of the hotel proper. There was poetry for you. I don't know how he manages it, but it doesn't seem to me that he perambulates this mundane sphere in exactly the same way that other people do. There is something positively inspiring in his step—something which lifts you up, as it were; something which makes you feel you don't know exactly how, which affects you as the strains of fine music; the floating of a celestial cloud, the—well, I could bring in a dozen fine similes, but it wouldn't do any special good. I feel as helpless as did the clergyman whose little son asked him to define the meaning of "something," and can only say again that you ought to have been standing by me and seen that beautiful walk. I hope this is gushing enough to suit anyone, and now that I have done with Booth (for the present) I think that Lothian, the conductor of the Grand Union band, should come in for a share in this morning's expenditure of my sensibilities expressed on paper. In my opinion he is the best musical director here. There is not only a variety in his programmes which is very pleasing, but there is a delicacy, taste and power in his renditions which are quite unusual. Oftentimes, of course, he caters to a popular taste by giving us something which is altogether the reverse of classical, but then again he shows his real ability by performances of classic music which do him the greatest credit.

Each week now the toilettes of the ladies increase in elaborateness, and, as hops are given every Saturday night, there is opportunity for the display of many beautiful styles. 'Tis not always, however, the most elaborate dresses which are most pleasing. A comparatively simple yet charming dress worn the other evening by Mrs. Horace Russell was a polonaise of pale blue foulard silk over a black velvet underskirt. Doubtless the grace and beauty of the wearer had much to do with the effect of the costume. Mrs. Edwin Booth's costumes also, while comparatively simple, are tastefully devised and quite becoming. A day or two ago, it being cool, she appeared in black, wearing as a relief a beautiful coral necklace, with ear-rings to correspond. This produced an excellent effect, for coral is very becoming to her style, which is of the *spirituelle* order.—*Rosalind May.*

Man's Age.

Few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men often live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, and the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle to run; the weak to run out. The inferior animals that live temperate lives have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five; the ox, fifteen or twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig, six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is one that seldom lives this average. He ought to live one hundred years, according to physical law, for five times twenty is one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period; the cat six times, and the rabbit eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious, man is not only the most irregular and intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

The Cincinnati Board of Education has passed resolutions demanding that none but teachers of the highest intellectual qualifications and the purest morals be employed, ordering the consideration by a special committee of the propriety of striking out of the rules concerning the employment and compensation of teachers all discrimination as to sex, leaving the Board at liberty to employ the best obtainable talent—be it masculine or feminine—for all departments of the schools.

The Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune* says that, during the recent dry weather in Manatee county, the lower Miaka lake dried up all to one hole—a thing never before known by the oldest inhabitant—which hole was quite deep and was the only resort for water for the cattle. This hole was full of alligators, and, as the stock men feared their depredations on the cattle, a number of them went there one day and killed 723 alligators, from six to fourteen feet in length.

COFFEE CREAM.—Half an ounce of Cox's gelatine, one gill of strong coffee, one gill of sugar, three gills of cream; soak the gelatine half an hour in half a gill of cold water, then place it over boiling water and add the hot coffee and sugar; when dissolved take it from the fire, stir in the cold cream and strain it in a mould that has been wet with cold water; when cold turn out.

News from Africa by the steamer *Gaboon* reports that barbarous customs, supposed to have been done away with, were still in vogue. Five women have just been beheaded for having chanced to look upon the procession of "Egbomans," it being against the law for women to be abroad at this time.

The goat has one merit: He furnishes a butt for many jokes.

He who labors for mankind has already begun his immortality,

The Women of To-day.

A young lady of Fairfield, Conn., has made ¾ of a ton of butter and sold it herself.

The English Society for Promoting the Employment of Women has an income of £330 a year, and finds employment for 235 women annually.

One of the features of the Binghamton Ladies' College is the provision of a home and gratuitous education for daughters of dead or disabled ministers.

It was a Chicago lady that invented the paper pail that grocers find so convenient, and now a San Francisco lady has invented a baby carriage the patent of which sold for $14,000.

An Alsatian girl, aged 18, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully of the Grand Duke of Baden's photograph. Silence would have been freedom in this case.

An old housekeeper says that, in the *furore* for buying foreign goods and ware, Americans overlook home products in fictile ware, and that American china and porcelain is quite equal to English and French ware.

Mlle. Bernhardt is learning English, and she declares herself delighted with the language for a reason quite peculiar to herself. "The English," she said, "eat half their words; if I imitate them I shall end by getting fat."

How shall society protect itself against the effusive woman with the pet reptile for a companion? The tame squirrel is harmless and perhaps picturesque and the frizzled lap-dog is an innocent whim, but what, asks the Chicago *Tribune*, shall be done with the San Francisco lady who carries a collection of spiders about with her and pretends that they know and love her? With the Syracuse woman who is accompanied everywhere by a pet rat? With the Chicago spinster of blighted affections who wears a live milk snake as a bracelet and permits the sweet thing to writhe on her arm when she is making calls? or with the other lady whom the papers mention who "puts a gold harness on a Brazilian beetle and lets it crawl over her shoulders?" It seems as if a line ought to be drawn through the animal kingdom somewhere.

Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in an address to the Andover Academy girls, said:

"Woman will make her own sphere, and the woman nature will take the house where the builder left it, and will shape and mold it, filling it with the atmosphere of her own tender soul. In every department of literature woman has entrance. In all professions she is gaining a footing. In medicine, in theology, in law, she has already attained eminence. The grandest periods in the histories of Spain and England have been under woman's rule. It was the foot of a woman which first stepped on Plymouth Rock from the *Mayflower*. Whatever woman wants she will have, her responsibility bringing larger culture, and larger culture greater usefulness. All future civilization will be open to woman's influence. For this reason institutions of learning are multiplied, and will offer yet greater advantages in the time to come."

Some Curious Builders.

Ruskin has written upon "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," but there are wise little architects that have never read his book, and have no need of lamps—real or figurative—to help them in their labors. Some of these little workers are found in South America, and go by the name of oven birds, because they build houses or nests in the shape of a dome, with an entrance at the side, looking almost exactly like ovens. They use clay, grass and other plants, for material, and as they make the walls an inch thick, the structures, when dried in the sun, are very firm and strong. The little architects divide this house into two separate rooms by means of a partition reaching almost to the top. In the inner room they make a bed of feathers and soft grasses, on which they deposit their eggs, generally four in number. The bird takes no pains to conceal its nest, but builds it in open sight on the leafless branch of a tree, or upon a fence, or within a barn or other building. The traveler in Brazil sees these nests on the very tops of telegraph posts, and at the entrance of gentlemen's country-seats, looking always "like carved round blocks of wood," designed for ornament. The bright and beautiful Baltimore oriole, found all over our own country, and to some distance both north and south of it, constructs a wonderful nest. It is shaped like a purse—six or seven inches long, and three or four inches wide—and is made of flax, hair, wool, and vegetable fibers. These are matted together until they have become about as thick as felt. The nest is sewed with strong stitches of horsehair; single horsehair used in this way being sometimes two feet long. When the bird is near dwelling-houses, it sometimes snatches up thread to use instead of the horsehair, and seamstresses need to keep watch over their work-baskets when the oriole is abroad, for it will seize, not only thread in bunches, but skeins of silk and loose strings, to use in its nest-building. The female bird appears to do most of the work of building the nest, the male bird collecting the material for her. Sometimes the husband brings home hair or other things that do not suit the little wife, and she casts them aside and sends him off again for something better. At the bottom of the nest, a quantity of soft things, like cow's hair is placed to make a warm soft bed. This curious nest is hung fearlessly upon a garden tree, the bird having no dread of human neighbors; and indeed, the little creature should be protected and cherished, since, aside from its great beauty and pleasant song it feeds upon caterpillers and other insects that are a nuisance in farms and gardens. The Baltimore oriole derives its name from the fact that its main colors, black and orange, were the colors of Lord Baltimore, who founded Maryland. The bird is also sometimes called golden robin and fire-bird, as it has scarlet on its breast. It lays five eggs, whitish-pink, with spots and bars of purple.—*Companion.*

The Storming of Stony Point.

"General, I'll storm hell if you only plan it!" This fiery sentence was uttered upon the night of the 16th of July, one hundred years ago. The speaker was "Mad" Anthony Wayne; the person addressed, George Washington. The redcoats swarmed among the green trees that lined the banks of the Hudson. They had carried every thing before them, and, lastly, held Stony Point, a rocky promontory, washed by the lordly river on three sides. The fort was garrisoned by 600 men, under Colonel Johnson. It bristled with cannon, while scientifically constructed earthworks defended every inch of slope leading up to it. Washington recognized its strategic importance. "Who'll storm Stony Point?" he asked, instinctively turning toward one man. "General, I'll storm hell if you will only plan it," was the reply that leaped into history.

It was a daring enterprise, and one that demanded exceptional coolness, daring and bravery. Midnight and fixed bayonets! Words of terrible significance. The muskets were unloaded lest some over-excited soldier might fire and reveal the storming party to the enemy. One man insisted upon loading, and was grimly run through the body by his officer. The right column was formed of 150 volunteers under Colonel de Fleury, the left of 100 volunteers under Major Stewart, and each was preceded by a forlorn hope of thirty picked men commanded by Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox. The night was dark; not a sound was heard save the distant challenge of a sentinel and the dulcet plash of the river. A negro spy led the way. Two sentinels were siezed and gagged, and the forlorn hope reached the outworks before its existence was recognized. Upon the discharge of the first musket the fort blazed into vitality, and a hellish fire of grape-shot belched forth upon the assailants. Upwards through sheets of flame, through a hurricane of musket-balls, through the death-dealing grape dashed the forlorn hope, seventeen out of twenty going down. The Americans used cold steel, and the cold steel mercilessly cut its way from slope to summit. Lieutenant-Colonel de Fleury was the first to spring upon the parapet and haul down the English flag. Major Posey, shouting "The fort is ours!" leaped upon the bayonets of the still fiercely fighting foe. "Mad" Anthony Wayne, struck by a musket-ball on the head, and believing it to be his death-wound, heroically cried, "Carry me into the fort, and let me die at the head of my column;" but he rallied to write at two o'clock on that memorable July morning, one hundred years ago: "Dear General—The fort and garrison of Colonel Johnson are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free—yours most sincerely." The number of prisoners captured was 553, including Colonel Johnson and a number of officers. Two flags and two standards were taken, one belonging to the garrison, the other to the Seventeenth Regiment. "Mad" Anthony Wayne received from Congress a gold medal emblematical of the glorious action, while silver ones were presented to De Fleury and Stewart. Nor were the leaders of the forlorn hope forgotten, for Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox were made Captains on the field of honor. As the summer tourist of today passes Stony Point, on the enchanting Hudson, let him remember "Mad" Anthony Wayne, who, upon a July night one hundred years ago, uttered the fiery words, "General, I'll storm hell if you only plan it."

The programme for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the event here described, July 16th, embraced an oration by General Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, and a sham battle by the militia, carried out according to the original plan of battle—the militia to be commanded by Lieutenants Febiger and Vogdes, of the regular army, the former a descendant of Colonel Febiger, who led in the attack one hundred years ago. From the proceeds realized from the celebration it is proposed to erect a monument to General Wayne on the spot where the battle occurred.

Intelligence Items.

Ex-Secretary Fish is 71.

One of the Paris streets is to be named Lincoln.

There are seven gold mines in full blast in Lincoln county, Georgia.

The "Legislative Council" in Memphis has passed an ordinance prohibiting opium smoking.

One thousand acres of sea-marsh in in Northern Louisiana is being reclaimed for the cultivation of rice.

M. Waddington, the French Premier, asserts that never has France been more calm. "There is nowhere a trace of secret societies or conspiracies."

No complete extinction of slavery in Cuba is expected until coolie immigration, under the recent treaty between Spain and China, is sufficiently numerous to provide laborers for plantations.

Some farmers built a schoool-house down in Georgia, recently, and after the building was finished it was found to cover a spot in which three counties joined. There is now a lively question of jurisdiction.

The last slave sold in the Confederacy was in 1865, near Richmond, a negro man, who was bought for nine hundred heads of cabbage. Cabbage was worth a dollar a head, consequently the negro man footed up to nine hundred dollars.

A Catholic French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which were notes denouncing Protestants and declaring that slavery is not contrary to natural order, and that some laborers would be happier were they slaves instead of freemen, has been expunged by the Municipality of Paris from the prize catalogue of the schools.

In Rome a few weeks ago, while some workmen were excavating for the foundation of a building near the new Via Nazionale, they found an antique statue which is described as magnificent. The head was missing, but the drapery indicated it to be a representation of a Greek philosopher or orator. Old coins were found in the same place.

Drawing Out the Facts.

The manner in which attorneys question witnesses is exasperating to the intelligent listener, beyond expression. The great purpose of the average criminal lawyer, for instance, is to draw from the witness all the facts in his possession, excepting the facts touching the case under consideration.

A countryman chopping down a tree, stops his work, and buries his ax up to the eye in the brain of his brother-in-law. The witness who saw the whole bloody transaction is brought into court, and his examination runs about thus:

"You say that the prisoner was chopping a tree down. Now, will you please tell the court and jury where he bought the ax!"

"You don't know; very well, sir, we'll see about that."

"Now, sir, look at the jury—don't stare in that helpless manner at me—now, sir, do you say, upon your oath, that you don't know that the defendant stole that ax before he left Paducah?"

"You do say so, ah? Well now mark me, sir. How many feet was it from the tree the defendant was chopping to the nearest grist-mill? You can't say?"

"Was it ten feet?"

"Certainly, a good deal more."

"Well, then, was it a thousand miles?"

"O, certainly not."

"The court and the jury will please observe the stubborness of this witness. It is manifestly his purpose to keep from the jury the facts they ought to know."

"Now, sir, who owned that mill?"

The witness innocently inquires, "What mill?" but soon repents it.

"The jury will please observe the exasperating contumaciousness of this witness, his evasion, and his manifest purpose to confuse your minds as to the facts involved in this terrible murder!"

"Now, sir, look me in the face. You have solemnly sworn that the man was chopping near a mill. Will you now dare say—look at the jury, sir—that there was no mill within 1,000 miles of the tree the defendant was felling?"

"I don't say anything of the kind."

"The jury will please note that answer."

"Now, see here, my friend, we've had about enough of this. You first declared that there was no mill, and now you brazenly avow there was a mill near the wood-chopper—"

"I said there was no mill within ten fee—"

"Never do you mind what you said—I know what you said, and the jury knows; and now, sir, listen to me."

"Who made your boots?"

"You don't know! Is there anything under God's heavens that you do know? There, there! Look at the jury—not at me. And now, perhaps, you can tell the jury what your name is?"

The witness tells his name.

"Now, sir—look at the jury!—how long did you live there?"

The witness timidly asks, "Lived where?" when the attorney springs to his feet.

"May it please the court and jury, I find this witness utterly incorrigible—stubborn, mulish and bent upon keeping back the very facts the jury must have. He has clearly been tampered with, and comes here with the manifest intention of browbeating and worrying both the jury and the bar. I have temporized with him, I have led him gently from point to point, in the hope of beguiling him into a true recital of the facts connected with this dreadful murder; and what is my reward for this considerate kindness and forbearance? Speaking under the sanctity of an oath, he tells this Court and jury that he doesn't know where he lives, and has asked me to tell him! Great God! can such things be, and not overcome us like a—like—and not overcome us? I ask, your Honor, that this witness be sent to jail for contumacy, to remain there until he expresses a willingness to tell what he knows about this dreadful murder."

The Court then admonishes the witness that further trifling will not be permitted; that he must answer the gentleman's questions, or he'll certainly feel called upon to commit him to prison.

The witness by this time is bewildered, scared, dazed, and indulges in contradictions and absurdities as fast and as often as the attorney requires him to; and, finally, leaving the stand, it is a quarter of an hour at least before he can recall his own name or fix his own identity. The attorney then gets upon his feet, tears the wretched witness' contradictory and foolish rigmarole all to tatters, and asks the Court that it be excluded from the jury as false and nonsensical.

And that is one of the ways many of our ayerage criminal lawyers adopt "to draw out the facts" in great murder cases.

Saturday seems to be the fatal day in the royal family of England. William III. died Saturday, March 18th, 1702; Queen Anne died Saturday, August 1st, 1714; George I. died Saturday, June 10th, 1727; George II. died Saturday, October 25th, 1760; George III. died Saturday, January 29th, 1820; George IV. died Saturday, June 26th, 1830; the Duchess of Kent died Saturday, March 15th, 1861; the Prince Consort died Saturday, December 14th, 1861; the Princess Alice died Saturday, December 14th, 1878; and the Princess of Hesse recently died on the same day of the week as the Princess Alice.

"What! Refuse to lend a paltry X to me, your other self!" "That's why: you'd never return the money; I know myself too well."

"Man wants but little here below," wherever he may roam, and when he calls for lager beer he wants but little foam.—[Corry Herald.

A French newspaper, the other day, had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

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Nevada Tribune, May 9.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, ... EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL., ... AUG. 16, 1879

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HUGH J. GLENN.....of Colusa
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
LEVI CHASE.....of San Diego
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
W. J. TINNIN.....of Trinity
FOR CONTROLLER,
W. B. C. BROWN.....of Sacramento
FOR TREASURER,
G. T. PAULI.....of Sonoma
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
JO. HAMILTON.....of Placer
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,
WM. MINIS.....of Yolo
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
D. B. WOOLF.....of San Francisco
FOR SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
HENRY C. GESFORD.....of Napa
FOR CHIEF JUSTICE,
R. F. MORRISON.....of San Francisco
FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES,
E. W. McKINSTRY.....of San Francisco
J. D. THORNTON.....of San Francisco
T. P. STONEY.....of Napa
THOS. B. REARDAN.....of Nevada
E. M. ROSS.....of Los Angeles
S. B. McKEE.....of Alameda
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
1st Dist.-G. J. CARPENTER..of ElDorado
FOR BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,
3d Dist. C. E. WILCOXSON.....of Sutter
MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
3d Dist. C. P. BERRY.....of Sutter.

COUNTY TICKET.

Superior Judge.....E. R. BUSH.
Joint Senator.....J. H. HARLAN.
Member of Assembly....D. N. HERSHEY.
Sheriff.....JNO. D. LAWSON.
Clerk.....H. B. PENDEGAST.
Recorder.....J. O. MAXWELL.
Treasurer.....A. C. KEAN.
Assessor.....FRED. KLAYS.
District Attorney.....W. H. GRANT.
Superintendent of Schools..JNO. W. GOIN.
Surveyor.....L. P. EVERETT.
Public Administrator.....S. L. MONDAY.
Coroner.....P. KRELLENBERG.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Justice of the Peace..... E. PETERSON.
Constable.....S. MONTGOMERY.

GAINING STRENGTH.

The Democratic County Ticket is gaining strength every day, and what looked like a forlorn hope at the outset of the campaign has now changed to a certain victory. The people of Yolo county have an idea that the best men are the ones to put in office, and generally examine a man's qualifications as to both honesty and competency before casting their ballots for him. Without question, the Democratic ticket is by far the best in every respect this year. The men are all well known, and there is not one of them against whom anything has been or can be said as regards the two Jeffersonian qualifications. The majority of the ticket is bound to be elected.

The Arkansas *Democrat* says: If the Associated Press is to become an electioneering agency for the Republican party, the sooner the country knows it, the better. We object to the tincturing of news to favor the Republican side,as in the dispatches yesterday referring to Sherman's speech. The Associated Press is for the transmission of news—facts—and not an agency for the advancement of Republican politicians. But we have long since observed that when the Democrats are referred to in the Associated Press dispatches only the bare facts are given, while there is always an evident coloring in favor of Republicans. We are very tired of it.

Not one of the Railroad and Radical organs has yet answered this, from the Chico *Record*: We wish somebody would tell us why it is, if the Governor has no voice in the matter of the regulation of freights and fares, that every Railroad man, and every Railroad paper in the State, led by the *Record-Union*, the acknowledged organ of the Railroad Company, is fighting Glenn so bitterly?"

NO RIDING ON THE FREIGHT.—In consequence of the suit commenced by a passenger who was injured while boarding a freight train at Fairfield, a few months ago, the company have issued an order forbidding conductors to take passengers on freight trains, or station agents to sell tickets for such trains.

BY YOUR LEAVE.

Last week we said that "Perkins' record in California's State Senate shows that he was a pro-coolie man during the time he was there." The *Daily Republican* takes us to task for this, and calls upon the STANDARD "to show that record, or acknowledge itself guilty of uttering a slander." If the "little but oh, my!" sheet will give us its attention for a few moments, we will proceed to enlighten it on the record of its immacculate candidate.

During the session of 1869-70, Mr. Perkins was a Senator from Butte. A bill come before the Senate entitled "An Act to Empower the City and County of San Francisco, and the Counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo to Aid in the Construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad." This was a regular, first-class, old time subsidy bill, and Perkins gave it his support. E. J. Lewis, of Tehama, a Democratic Senator offered the following amendment to the bill:

Provided, that if said railroad company employ any Chinese or Mongolian, all rights obtained under the provisions of this act be null and void.

The present Republican candidate for Governor voted "No" on this resolution.

In 1870 he voted against a bill for the compulsory vaccination of Chinese immigrants, the small-pox being then epidemic in San Francisco and other towns in the State.

In the same session he voted against "An Act for the Protection of White Laborers," which looked to the relief of white laborers from the coolie opposition.

He voted against Fortune's White Labor Bill.

In February, 1870, two bills passed the Senate, one for the prevention of the importation of Chinese prostitutes, and the other to prevent the immigration of Chinese criminals. Perkins voted against them.

If that is not a pro-coolie record, what is it? There is more of his record that shows him to have been anything but anti-Chinese, and if the editor of the little daily will search the Senate Journal of the 18th session he can find it. If he hasn't got time, we can give hime a little more next week. We have uttered no slander, and shall try not to.

Good Endorsement of Mr. Gesford.

Of the Democratic candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. H. C. Gesford, the Lake *Democrat* thus speaks: "We are proud of the Democratic ticket as a whole and cheerfully support all the nominees except the one that bolted. We can, however, speak much more favorably of some of the nominees than others. For the gentleman whose name heads this article, we can speak only in unqualified commendation. Though young, he is well known as a thorough scholar, a practical teacher, a graduate of the State Normal School, a successful County Superintendent, an eloquent orator, a man of unexceptional moral habits, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. The leading educators of the State are taking an active interest in his behalf and we are confidently assured of his election."

The President, by executive order, has restorred to the public domain 8,259,250 acres of land on the northeastern bank of the Missouri River, corresponding in general outlines to the area withdrawn by Executive orders of January 11th and May 8th, 1875, now revoked. Small sections of the territory immediately adjoining the Grand River, Cheyenne and Indian Rock Agencies are still withheld. It was intended, when the orders now revoked were issued, to keep the whites from pressing too closely upon the Sioux Indians; but in practice it was found the orders did not prevent trespass by reckless frontiersmen who preyed alike upon peacable whites and Indians. Hence the lands are again thrown open to settlement.

It was an unkind action for Ex-Senator Cole to turn to Judge Johnson in his speech on last Tuesday night, and ask if a large subsidy was not saddled on El Dorado county. Let bygones be bygones.

The Democrats of Yolo county don't want any fusion in theirs. Why should they when they can win without?

There is a little too much "soft soap" and "blarney" about Perkins to suit the people.

Draw a Tremendous Draft.

The Radicals draw a tremendous draft upon the ignorance of men when they assert that Deputy Marshals are appointed to secure fair elections. Every word in the following article, from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. is true and can not be successfully contradicted. The *Eagle* says: "The investigation of the Deputy Marshal laws is proceeding quietly, but is panning out a heavy yield of interesting matter. There is a distressing monotony in the manner in which the investigation at every city proves the laws in question to have been used as the partisan machinery of the Republican party, and for that purpose alone. We know how it has been in New York and Brooklyn, where thieves, roughs and scrub politicians secured all the appointments, without a Democrat among them. We all know—Republicans as well as Democrats—that every Deputy Marshal appointed in these parts for election purposes was employed to work for the Republican ticket, and against the Democratic ticket, and that he well understood the nature of the service required of him. In Philadelphia the United States Marshal testified that there was no public requirement that caused the appointment of election Deputies there, but the apointments were made to give paying positions to Republican workers at the polls, no Democrat being appointed. Exactly the same partisan feature is visible everwhere. In Cincinnati, Marshal Thrall recently testified that his affiliations were with the the Republican party; and he selected the Deputies in accordance with his affiliations. He did not wish to consult with or for any other party. It he made a Democrat a Deputy Marshal, it was a mistake, and he was not likely to make any such mistakes. He further said that there were only three men in the world who knew what person had been appointed as Deputies. thus showing that the appointees were not only an electioneering force, but a secret electioneering force. He said that they wore hidden badges, and went from one poll to another, as they could be made useful to the Republican party. It was quite in the natural order of things that a man who could defend such partisan practices at the public expense should insult his political opponents by the insinuation that he never appointed a Democrat, because all Democrats were dishonest. In the face of such developments as these, which were pretty generally known before the investigation began, Republican Conventions have the assurance to declare that the Deputy Marshal laws 'protect the purity of the ballot-box and secure fair elections.'"

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATRIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

☞All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

CITY LIVERY STABLE.

T. L. SMITH, Proprietor.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

T. L. SMITH.

GRAND

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

FROM

WOODLAND, DAVIS, DIXON, WINTERS, VACAVILLE, ELMIRA, FAIRFIELD, and SUISUN

TO

SAN FRANCISCO

And Woodward's Gardens.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6TH, 1879.

The Ellis Band will accompany the excursion and furnish music.

FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

WOODLAND.....$4 50
DAVIS.....4 25
DIXON.....3 75
ELMIRA.....3 50
FAIRFIELD.....3 00

Children under 12 Half Price.

Arrangements will be made with the Horse Cars to convey all to the Gardens.

NOTICE TO CREDITOS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, OF THE COUNTY OF Yolo, State of California.
PETER LAUENER vs. HIS CREDITORS. } Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, Peter Lauener, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the Court House at Woodland in the said County of Yolo, on the **20th day of September**, A. D., 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of August, A D., 1879. D. M. BURNS,
[SEAL] County Clerk.
ag16 5t By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF YOLO COUNTY, in the matter of the petition of FRED. PRESTON, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent FRED. PRESTON, to be and appear before the Honorable E. R. Bush, aforesaid, in open Court at the Court room of said Court in the town of Woodland, County of Yolo, on the **6th day of September**, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 28th day of July, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By IGNACIO BROWN, Dep'y Clerk.
Holl & O'Brien, Atty's for Petitioner.

NEW EDITION.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

1928 Pages. 3000 Engravings.

Four Pages Colored Plates.

Now added, a SUPPLEMENT of over 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings, including such as have come into use during the past fifteen years—many of which have never before found a place in any English dictionary.

ALSO ADDED, A NEW

Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 NAMES of Noted Persons, ancient and modern, including many now living, giving Name, Pronunciation, Nationality, Profession and Date of each.

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NEW EDITION contains a Supplement of over 4600 new words and meanings.

Each new word in Supplement has been selected and defined with great care.

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EDITION of the best Dictionary of the English Language ever published.

Definitions have always been conceded to be better than in any other Dictionary.

Illustrations, 3000, about three times as many as in any other Dictionary.

The Dict'y recommended by State Sup'ts of 35 States, and 50 College Pres'ts.

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Only English Dictionary containing a Biographical Dictionary,—this gives the Name with Pronunciation, Nation, Profession and Date of over 9700 persons.

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WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY.

1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

THOS. ROSS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church,

WOODLAND, CAL.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

S. MONTGOMERY.

Democratic Candidate for

CONSTABLE,

CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

E. PETERSON.

Democratic Candidate for

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

E. R. BUSH.

Democratic Candidate for

SUPERIOR JUDGE,

YOLO COUNTY.

H. B. PENDEGAST

Regular Democratic Candidate for

COUNTY CLERK

YOLO COUNTY.

J. H. HARLAN.

Democratic Candidate for

JOINT SENATOR,

YOLO AND SOLANO COUNTIES.

A. C. KEAN.

Democratic Candidate for

TREASURER,

YOLO COUNTY.

CHAS. G. DAY.

NEW CONSTITUTION CANDIDATE

FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

R. W. MEGOWAN.

New Constitution Candidate for

COUNTY RECORDER,

YOLO COUNTY.

J. O. MAXWELL.

Democratic Candidate for

COUNTY RECORDER,

YOLO COUNTY.

FRED. KLAYS.

Democratic Candidate for

COUNTY ASSESSOR,

YOLO COUNTY.

JNO. D. LAWSON.

Democratic Candidate for

SHERIFF,

YOIO COUNTY.

JOHN W. GOIN.

Democratic Candidate for

SUPERINTENDENT of SCHOOLS,

YOLO COUNTY.

HUDSON GRANT.

Democratic Candidate for

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

YOLO COUNTY,

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 25 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store. *

The College and the Public Schools of Woodland will open on Monday morning next for the Fall term.

We are pleased to note that Main Street is being wet down more thoroughly by the street sprinkler, lately.

Geo. W. Greene has a large supply of both College and Public School Text Books, which are to be sold cheap.

The Ellis Band came out on Tuesday evening last in their new caps. They present a fine appearance, and make better music than any country band the State.

Fred. Klays was in town this week. He reports the political outlook as fine for the Democrats all over the county. Fred. is going to be elected, and don't you forget it.

J. B. Elston has a large stock of Text Books on hand, and all kinds of school supplies. He has received the contract for furnishing the Public School with supplies this year.

Eld. J. N. Pendegast is still very low, but we are glad to state that his condition was somewhat improved yesterday. Dr. Cluness, of Sacramento, was called to see him on Thursday morning.

Somebody poisoned Jo Craig's fine setter this morning, and he will give considerable to know who did it. He thinks the fellow's name would not be fit for publication if he should find him.

T. L. Smith has leased the City Livery Stable, formerly occupied by R. L. Beamer, and will fit it up with a new stock of horses and buggies. Tom intends to have some of the finest turnouts in town, and that he will get his share of patronage there is no doubt.

The sale of small fruits is no small item in the town of Woodland, during the season. During the season of 1879 the firm of Porter & Co. alone sold the following amounts: Strawberries, 8,115 pounds; English gooseberries, 1,140 pounds; Currants. 4,255 pounds; blackberries, 10,304 pounds; raspberries, 578 pounds. Total, 24,392 pounds.

The Republican candidate for the Assembly told a little story on Dr. Glenn, while in the northern part of the county this week, and for proof referred to a Democratic citizen of Woodland. This gentleman denies in toto the authorship of the "campaign yarn" (to call it by no worse name), and now the aforesaid candidate is placed in a peculiar position.

In his speech as Chairman of the New Constitution meeting, on Tuesday evening, Judge Johnson made the assertion, and made it emphatically, that no man owed anything to his party. If that is a fact, it would be well for the members of the new party to vote for a majority of the Democratic nominees this year, as they are the best qualified for the various offices—especially the nominee for Superior Judge.

Personals.

Thad Spaulding left on Thursday of this week for Los Angeles county on a visit to relatives and friends.

Prof. G. M. Freman and family have returned from Arizona, and are stopping in Woodland for the present.

Mrs. A. E. Wagstaff, wife of the former editor of the *Mail*, is in town on a visit.

R. Clark and L. Moody of Winters were in town yerterday.

HELP IN ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.—In acquiring a knowledge of the English Language, and especially in learning the meaning of words, probably no other work, nor many other books altogether, can afford so much aid as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with its 3,000 Pictorial Illustrations, its precise and full definitions, its careful discriminations of synonymous words, its many valuable tables, and above all, with the recent additions to it of a Supplement of over **4,600** New Words and Meanings, such as have come into the language within the last few years, and a New Biographical Table of more than **9,700** Names of Noted Persons, giving in brief the Name, Pronunciation, Nationality, Profession. and date of each. It is, in itself, a whole library of the language. Let one family have a copy of this work, and use it faithfully, and another be without it—the difference in the progress of the two families in getting knowledge will be very great.

Concert.

On Wednesday evening next, at Washington Hall, a vocal and instrumental concert will be given for the benefit of Luke Andrews. The following excellent programme will be rendered, and as the concert is for a worthy obejct, the house should be filled to overflowing.

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE.....Ellis Band
"FAIRY WHISPERS".....Luke Andrews
DUET—"Poets and Peasants".....H. Karevski and Nannette Dennery
VOCAL SOLO.....Bennie Alexander
"ST. PETERSBURG WALTZ".....Miss Lulu Chase and John Jacobs
VOCAL SOLO.....Nannette Dennery
"SILVER WAVES".....Mrs. Molair
DUET.....H. Karevski and Miss Minnie Hyman
VOCAL SOLO—"People will Talk"..Miss B. LaBusier
"CIRCUS GALLOP".....Miss Mollie Nelson

PART SECOND.

OVERTURE—"Caliph of Bagdad"..Karevski & Jacobs
"EMBARASSMENT".....Luke Andrews
INSTRUMENTAL DUET....Misses M. and S. Lassley
VOCAL SOLO—"Saturnalia".....Miss R. Fredericks
INSTRUMENTAL SOLO.....Miss Nannette Dennery
MOTTO SONG.....Frank Harris
"MARSEILLES HYMN".....Miss Mary Smith
INSTRUMENTAL SOLO.....Miss Minnie Hyman
YOU AND I.....Luke Andrews

"C. H. Garoutte."

A voter, who says he has read the article under the above head in a late number of the *Daily Republican*, which speaks in very high terms of the official career of the gentleman in question, hands us the following for publication. and as it deals solely with his official record we give it a place:

MR. EDITOR:—As one who has a right to vote, and wishes to do so intelligently, please allow me to ask the Republican candidate for District Attorney whether he stated in his acceptance of the nomination for re-election that his past acts in office were the only guarantee that he could offer for the future.

Does he mean by that, that in getting up the assessments for school purposes in the future that he will do as he has done in the past—that he will do it in such a bungling manner that the payment of that portion which becomes delinquent can not be enforced, thereby throwing the entire burden on those who are willing to pay promptly and without suit?

Is that his idea of equal and just taxation?

Does he mean by that accepting-pledge that he will receive money as an officer of the county which belongs to the county, in September or October, and keep it for his own benefit until the 29th of June, following, waiting to see whether he will receive the nomination for re-election before he settles with the county, leaving the school fund of that district short to the amount of his collections?

Does he propose to continue indicting and acquiting at the expense of the county as he has in the past, simply for the *chances* of securing the fee in case of conviction?

Can he show by the records of any county in this State where any other District Attorney, or prosecuting officer, has ever had as many *indictments* and as few convictions during his term of office?

Has he not staked his time and labor against the county treasury at an expense of many thousand dollars to the taxpayers of this county for the chance of receiving his petty fee in case of conviction?

Does he propose in the future as he did in the past to charge the county $7.50 for a carriage to bring him twenty miles for the purpose of being on hand the night previous to an election for Supervisor, to work in the interest of one of the candidates, when he could have returned by rail at an expense of $1.25, and still had ample time to vote?

An answer to the foregoing questions is patiently awaited. VOTER.

From Shasta.

COLD CANYON, August 3d, 1879.

DEAR STANDARD:—You remember when we read that article in the Sacramento *Bee* about his trip to the Cloud river, how it fired me up to the starting point. Ah, that *Bee* man, what a fearful account will he be called upon to render some day. If he had left his account somewhere in the greasewood brush on one of these blazing hill sides, it would have been well *rendered* and run down to him in an oleagenous stream long since. He "got aboard the C. P. Co's. magnificent—etc.," and saw six jack-rabbits through the window and had a good time generally, but unlike Mrs. Elder Stenhouse of Mormon fame, he didn't "tell it all." He omitted to state that the "urbane and gentlemanly" car boss is big enough to draw crowds in a side show as the "Great American Giant," wears a silver-plated helmet, and has a way of saying "tickets gentlemen!" which is very startling to a man with a pair of blankets beside him and neither ticket nor coin in his clothes. But let us give the d—ticket-man his due. He is generous. He *is* "urbane," I suppose that's what it means, I ain't used to big words. To each of the blanket brigade so far as I observed he *gave* a ticket—of leave. And anyhow the "ticket-of-leave" men got a far better view of the country and saw more jack-rabbits than the *Bee* man did, I'll go odds on that.

Well here we are, "all alive" as the herring peddler says, and though we did not enjoy a drive on the "outside" from Redding over, yet we wont go back on the *Bee* man, for old Shasta *does* "rear his hoary head above the clouds" at least, he ain't a doin' it now, but he does when there are any clouds to "rear" over I firmly believe. And it *does* inspire "grander thoughts" in a man to be so near the great, the wonderful, the sublime—pshaw! those are only common words. I mean the magnificent works of the Creator, the colossal sublimity of Nature's handiwork — whatever that means. There, that looks more like it. I ain't going to stand around and chew a few crumbs from the spelling book and let them Sacramento fellers swallow a whole dictionary at one gulp. Now you see he was right that *Bee* man, *vide* its effect on me already.

But I smell the rabbit stew burning, so I pull the escape valve and let myself down to my camp-fire, where lifting my camp kettle off on the end of a stick with the smoke in my eyes I shall no doubt feel for the moment that I am only a common man like the rest of you. And just here, truth—my guiding star which shines upon me even in the depths of this mountain gorge, compels me to state that amidst all this sublimity, this "communing with Nature in her loftier moods" while "soaring" up one side of old Mt. Shasta and sailing down the other on my eagle's quill, the biggest, the most "colossal" thing I've struck yet is my appetite.

As I am going to "tell it all," you shall hear from me again *when I get there.*

SIMON.

On Tuesday evening next, W. J. Tinnin, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, will address the citizens of Woodland. Everybody should turn out to hear him.

Winters Items.

The candidates for office are making times lively. At least half a dozen can be seen at one view on Main street, while iced lemonades keep "their friends" cool. Regardless of politics our "Watch dog of the County Treasury" will be retained in that office. Indeed, we know of no way of improving ourselves by a change.

The past week has not been so warm as the preceeding one, yet many of our citizens continue to go for the mountains in search of cool weather again.

The N. C. P. have nominated Jas. Bowen for Constable and Judge Hulse, the present incumbent, for Justice of the Peace. The Republicans and Democrats have as yet made no nominations.

There is a dead lock in the grain market in this locality—no sales or offers being made for several days.

Born.—In Winters, August 11th, to M. O. Harling and wife, a son. S.

Supervisors' Proceedings.

The Supervisors met on Monday and Tuesday of this week. They ordered $250 to be paid to Robert Terrill and George H. Swingle to build a jail at Davisville, the county to be responsible for no more.

The contract for furnishing 45 cords of four-foot wood for the Court House and Hospital was awarded to L. Knight at $6.25 in scrip on the General Fund.

Supervisor Mering was appointed to examine the bridge at Madison, and have needed repairs made; also to make a bridge at Foster's Slough.

E. E. Perkins' bill on the Hospital fund of $12 was allowed.

The report of viewers on road No. 150 was received, and set for hearing September 2d.

Road No. 144 was established, and damages awarded to different land owners.

The election proclamation was ordered to be printed.

Harry Murphy, in a speech at Dunnigan, on Thursday night, stated that Bruce Pendegast, the Democratic nominee for County Clerk, was at Sacramento during the Republican Convention, and wrked ofor the nomination of Dan Burns. Bruce was not in Sacramento during that Convention, and the whole statement is false. Mr. Murphy has since stated that he had no personal knowledge of the matter, but repeated it from hearsay, though he could not remember who it was that said it. When a man makes such charges as that against a true Democrat, he had better have his evidence and facts ready, as no sensible person will believe him. Bruce will be elected, despite the opposition of a few aristocratic politicians who imagine their influence reaches from Yolo to Shasta, but who in reality are not sure which way to vote themselves until their confidential advisor has posted them.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of Chrysopolis Lodge No. 210 held Aug. 1879, the following Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Alwise and Supreme Creator has been pleased to remove from our lodge to the Great Grand Lodge above our much esteemed Sister Mary Jane Sibley, a charter member of this Lodge. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that in the death of Sister Sibley this lodge has lost an earnest faithful worker for the lodge and the cause of temperance, and while we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family we were unavoidabiy prevented from making any outward or ceremonial demonstrations of grief, yet we think the occasion should not be allowed to pass without some memento of our loss being erected in the Lodge room. We therefore direct that the Lodge Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased and to each of the county papers and *Weekly Rescue*, and be spread on the minutes of our Lodge.

B. F. LOOMIS,
MRS. E. DAVIDSON,
MRS. P. L. POOL, } COM.

Sunday School Excursion.

A grand Sunday School Excursion will take place on Saturday September 6th, from Woodland, Davisville, Dixon, Winters, Vacaville, Elmira, Fairfield and Suisun, to Woodard's Gardens San Francisco. The fare from Woodland for the round trip will be $4.50. Children half price. The Ellis Band will accompany the excursionist, and a large crowd will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the metropolis. See advertisement.

CAMP MEETING.—Yolo Circuit Camp Meeting began Wednesday evening, Aug. 13th, and will continue over two Sabbaths. The meeting is held seven miles up the valley from Langville, and one mile south of Central View School House. Rev. H. J. Becker, Bishop Castle and others will officiate. Come one and all.

T. J. BAUDER, Pastor.

It is conceded that Booth made the poorest speech of his life last evening.

THE PERKINS RALLY.—The Republican meeting last night, by the addition of six or seven hundred people from Sacramento, was made the biggest gathering of the campaign. There was considerable enthusiasm manifested by the "stalwarts," but the crowd that listened to the speeches was composed mostly of Glenn men, and they went away stronger in the faith than ever. There is no use going into the details of the meeting, as everybody in town was there and knows all about it.

On Wednesday, Aug. 27th, White; W. P. C. candidate for Governor, will speak in Woodland.

Judge Terry will address the people of Woodland on Monday night.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & C.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT

YOUR BUILDINGS?

—THEN USE—

PURE PAINTS & OILS.

They do the cheapest work because they go further and last longer.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

WOODLAND, CAL.,

Have just received a large stock of

PAINTS,
OILS,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES
WINDOW GLASS,
ETC., ETC.

They will sell you FINE ARTICLES, as low as you can buy them in San Francisco or Sacramento. **They Guarantee all articles as represented.** They buy largely from the best manufacturers and sell low for cash. Do not be deceived by interested parties who may try to influence you to trade away from home, but patronize your own county when you can do as well or better. This you can find to be the truth upon examination of our goods and prices.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS

In adjoining towns will do well to give us a call, as we keep a full line of their goods in stock.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Druggists, One door west of Express Office, Main Street, Woodland, Cal

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,
Grain Bags,
Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

"Owed to a Mother-in Law."

Gaze upon these sunken eyeballs,
And these weary feet so sore,
Then reflect, for all these troubles
Came through taking a mother-in-law.

Think! young man, before you venture
In upon this field of war,
Or you, too, may some day tremble
At the name of mother-in-law.

Don't be gulled by soft pursuasions,
Scores have fell that way before,
When they once have caught you safely,
Then you'll feel the mother-in-law.

Look around and find an orphan,
One that parents never saw,
And you'll bless the day we told you
All about a mother-in-law.

Should you disregard this warning,
And to our ranks add still one more,
You deserve whatever befalls you
At the hands of a mother-in-law.

A Mississippi Chowder.

"I'm just suffering for a chowder," said Mr. Larks.

"Are you? Well, I believe I could make a very passable chowder out of river fish," said Mrs. Larks.

"That would be a joke! Shade of a codfish, rebuke her!"

"I'd like to try it, any way. Catch me some big salmon—but a chowder can't be cooked in a house."

"No," said Mr. Larks. "We shall have to go on a picnic."

"Father, said Jenny," "you promised to take Dum and Dee the next time we went."

"Yes, I did ask your little cousins to go."

"And father," said Hugh, "Ralph and Frank never get a chance to go anywhere; and I think I ought to have some company as well as Jenny."

"I've no objection. Let me see—that will just fill the wagon. I shall want to stay two days. There is a deserted log-house down there. Brown slept in it last week. With a load of straw we could be quite comfortable, even if it rained."

"Where are you going, father?"

"Down to Deep Slough."

They all sat up an hour later than usual planning the frolic.

The Larks family are addicted to picnics. I say addicted, for some of their neighbors think it amounts to a vice. Old Mrs. Black is a very plain-spoken old lady who lives over the way, and she says, "you never know what minute they'll start the hull year round. They're a-wild-flowerin', and a-fernin', and a-backberryin', and a-autumn-leavin', and a-redhawin', and a-white-sandin', and now goin' a-fishin' for two hull days. It does beat all!" And Mrs. Black pushes back her sun-bonnet, and gazes through her round, bowed spectacles in amazement.

The boys and girls came to stay all night, so as to be on time in the morning; for the plan was to start at daybreak, and breakfast five miles away in the woods. The boys held deep consultations over fish-hooks and lines, while Jenny and Dum and Dee fluttered about Mrs. Larks, trying to help. These little girls had been very properly christened Mary and Martha. But there was only a year's difference in their ages, and they were now of exactly the same size. They dressed alike, and looked alike, and never had but one opinion on any subject. So their father took to calling them Tweedledum and Tweedledee, which was soon shortened to "Dum" and "Dee."

An old darkey, named Jacob, had been engaged to haul luggage. He was to start the afternoon before they did. When he came with his wagon, Mr. Larks and the boys helped to stow away the baskets and tubs and buckets filled with bread and butter and pickles and jam, boiled ham, stuffed veal, fried chicken, potatoes, ice, eggs, fryingpan and the great kettle to hold the promised chowder.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Larks to the old darky who stood by, grinning, "I am afraid your old horse can't haul that load."

"Lor' bless ye, Mis' Larks, that aint no load fur Jane. Why, Jane is as peart a mare as ever you see."

"Poor thing; she hangs her head as if she was utterly discouraged."

"Jane's jist in'olent. That's all ails *her*. She can pull like a mule when she wants to. But Jane is in'olent I can't deny."

"Well, drive on, Jacob," said Mr. Larks, "and don't camp until you came to the place I told you of—the creek, the bridge and the little red house on the hill."

"And make a fire, and have hot water ready for our coffee in the morning," said Mrs. Larks.

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be thar, and Jane'll be thar, and the kittle will be bilin', as shore as de sun goes round de world! Hi, dar! you Jane, wake yo'seff up—*git* along."

Slowly old Jane woke up, gradually got her legs in motion, and the old wagon went creaking down the street.

Mrs. Larks thought she would never get those children quiet that night. For the joyous excitement kept the young eyes beaming, and tongues wagging and laughter ringing. At last, Mr. Larks came upstairs and told them he wished them to go to sleep, so that they'd all wake in time to hear a clock strike that he had borrowed for the occasion from a deaf gentleman. It only struck once in twenty-four hours, and that was at four o'clock in the morning. He hoped they would all hear it, for it was really very curious.

At last, the house is quiet. As the hours go by, the big busy town is quiet, too; only the bright young moon is awake and full of light. But it isn't a full-moon, so she don't stay up all night. Now the dark, still hour before dawn is slipping quietly away.

Suddenly a great crash comes in the house—a ring-a-rush-a-rattle-te-bang-er-rang-rang!—as if forty Chinese gongs had been walking in their sleep, and had fallen downstairs together.

In a moment all is confusion. Voices cry from every room.

"Oh, what is it?"

"Where is it?"

"Is it thunder?"

"Uncle! aunty! mother! we're so scared!"

"Are you all awake?" called Mr. Larks, "it is the deaf man's clock!" Then he gave a great laugh.

"It's a sell, boys!" cried Hugh. "Come on, girls!"

There is a rush of white figures through the hall, a great scrimmage, and a general pillow-fight until the laughter is almost smothered. But Hugh somehow manages to turn the gas up to a full blaze, when the white figures scamper away in much confusion.

Everybody gets dressed in a minute—even little Bob, who is only five years old.

"I never was up in the mixed of the night before," he said. "The girls want to go out to see the morning star."

"Indeed, we are not hungry, uncle!"

"No eat, no go," answered Mr. Larks, firmly.

So they meekly drank the cups of chocolate.

"Girls are just queer about eating," whispered Ralph to Hugh, over his second cup and an uncounted sandwich.

"O, girls are not like boys! Why, I can eat any time. Can't you?"

But the horses and the great spring wagon are at the door. O, the flurry and the fun of starting! The boys select the back seat as desirable in offering a slight chance of being tipped out, as being behind the girls, whom they delight to teaze, and as farthest removed from "the powers that be."

After Mrs. Larks and Bobby and Mr. Larks are comfortably seated on the front seat, Mrs. Larks remembers that she has forgotten several things.

"Run, Maria, and get the pickled pork. O, yes, and the hard crackers; and, dear me, Hugh, jump out and get that little box of medicine on the parlor table; and, Maria, I've forgotten that basket of tomatoes the man brought last night."

"Well, my dear' is there anything else you *could* forget? The number of things the female mind is capable of forgetting! Now shall we go?—all right!—get up, Jack!"

Mr. Larks jerks his rein and chirrups, but the horses back and halt.

"H'm!" said Mrs. Larks. "A female would never forget to untie the horses!"

"What!" cried Mr. Larks, jumping out in confusion. "I believe I did forget that."

"Mr. Peterkin!" cried Jenny.

A shout of laughter that went up from the whole party woke old Mrs. Black, who thought, at first, it was a fire; but turned over and said, "Its only them plaguy Larks!"

Away go the horses, clattering through the streets, down to the river—the noble, the beautiful Mississippi! A deep glow of light mounts up the eastern sky. A delicate bloom spreads over the great flood, swelling, dimpling, flowing. Its movement is like life, and its murmur is like breath.

Out on the bridge they go. The swift water is rushing beneath them, the fresh wind blowing around them and the morning light shining in their faces.

"O, Uncle," said Dee, "I know I'm going to have the best time I ever had in my life."

"Yes," said Dum, "I can feel it a beginning now!"

When they leave the bridge the road winds along beneath great elms and sycamores; on the west the bluff rises wild and leafy, and on their right runs the shining river.

Gayly the horses toss their heads, and bend to their work. Lightly fall their hoofs, as if they knew what merry hearts are behind, on what a merry holiday.

Just as the party have settled into quietness, they see the creek, the bridge and the little red house.

Down by the river rises the smoke of a fire, and old Jacob is swinging his hat in welcome. The young ones bubble over in a great cheer. The boys tumble out behind and go roistering over the green. The wagon is stopped near the fire, and the girls scramble down over the wheels and go capering after the boys. Within five minutes they have all poked the fire, skipped stones on the water, swung on grape-vines, and are now peeping into the luncheon-baskets.

"I should think," said Mrs. Larks, "that we had brought forty youngsters in place of six."

"De kittle am a-bilin', ma'am," said Jacob.

"Beautifully! Now for breakfast!"

Her too-willing assistants would have had everything out of the wagon if she had not stopped them. Bobby came out from the creek, calling:

"Mamma, there is many little fishes down there, and they can hop on their little legs. I did catch a fish for you, mamma."

Then he opened his little hand, and a baby frog hopped out of it. This was "nuts" to the boys, and they rolled on the grass and laughed until they were tired.

And what a jolly breakfast that was! What a delectable fragrance rose from those coffee-cups, what a keen appetite everybody had, and what rollicking good humor shone in every face!

"I think," said Mr. Larks, as he helped them all round for the third time, "that I never cut a whiter loaf, or a pinker, tenderer ham."

Jacob beamed with satisfaction, as he sat with his back against a tree, his oft-replenished plate before him.

"Come, boys, if you are ready, let us take the seine and go up the creek and get some minnows."

Jenny wanted to go, too, but Dum and Dee are not adventuresome, and preferred to stay and "help aunty," the merriest and busiest little maids in the world.

"Missus," said Jacob, "if ye got scraps to throw out, give 'em to my old hoss, will ye?"

"Will she eat scraps?"

"Jist try her onc't. You, Jane, come heah!"

Jane came up knowingly, ate with good relish, and nickered for more.

"Poor old horse, she must be hungry. Jacob, has she had any grain?"

"No'm, but a boy up to your house gimme a right smart chunk o' hay for 'er."

"And you gave her no grain?"

"No'm, I wouldn't dare to," said Jacob, with his eyes very big and solemn. "Spile her, shor, ma'am. She wouldn't never eat no scraps if ye give her grain."

"Now, Jacob, listen to me. Jane is going to have grain three times a day on this trip; give her a measure of oats now."

"I'm bound to mind ye, missus; but she'll be that sassy the'll be no livin' with her!"

The poor hungry horse thrust her nose greedily into the measure.

"See how she likes it!" cried Mrs. Larks.

"'Course, ma'am, that's jist chicken to her. But pore folkses' hosses can't be so fearful partic'lar 'bout what dey eats. It's like a pore darky spectin' fur to have spring chicken de hull year round, and, consequentially, he can't git it. And he won't wait long. He'll done come down to pone and bacon powerfu' quick!"

"Jacob," answered Mrs. Larks, seriously, "what you say is true. But you and Jane shall both have spring chicken on this trip."

"'Bleeged to ye, ma'am. Jane ain't too back'ard to eat, nather 'm I. And I better be hitchin' up. I'll jist back round so we kin h'ist in them things."

In five minutes they all were upon the road again, with Jacob following slowly.

Often one, two, and sometimes three rows of islands extend along the banks of the Mississippi for miles. The streams running between the islands and the shore, like little rivers, are called sloughs, though the name belies them, for they are often deep and clear, and game fish abound in them. Pale green willows edge the shores, and droop over the water. Trumpet-vine and wild grapes grow in rank luxuriance. Great elms bow to each other from island to island, and reach their delicate draped arms across the streams. Where the woods are darkest, and the water deepest, the wagon stops. The bluff is cleft by a little ravine; on one side a perpendicular wall of rock, with a little stream at the base; on the other a green slope, where the old log-hut stands in the sunshine.

"Now hurry up, boys, if you want any fish for dinner," said Mr. Larks.

Only boys can be as busy as those boys were, unhitching the horses and getting out lines and baits.

"Lucky we got those minnows, father; but, girls, you may run away with mother, for you'll talk and scare the fish," said Hugh.

"No, we won't. Can't we fish, father?"

"Yes, my lassie, come. I'll bait your hook."

Jenny watched him catch the little silvery minnows in the bucket, but as he put it on the hook, she gave a little sobbing sigh and turned away.

"O, what a fisher you are!" said Frank. "How can you fish if you can't see a hook baited?"

"Now, boys," said Mr. Larks, "you leave these girls alone, or I'll duck you. When you are as old as I am you will like tender-hearted girls a good deal better than hard-hearted ones."

The other little girls take lines also; but the mosquitoes bite Dee, and the mosquitoes bite Dum, and soon they lay their poles down and quietly slip away to "aunty," and enjoy themselves sweeping out the old house, and trot about gathering flowers. Jenny holds out bravely. Suddenly her cork goes bob, bob, bobbing out of sight.

"Steady, Jen, steady!"

A wild, uncertain jerk, and the first catch lies floundering in the grass.

"A black bass! Hurrah for girls!" said Mr. Larks.

The boys hear the shout, but don't answer. Their masculine hearts are consumed with envy.

"Father," said Jenny, saucily, "I guess I won't fish any more. I'll go, and give the boys a chance."

An hour goes by. Mr. Larks catches a couple of striped bass, and Frank a croppie, but Ralph and Hugh have not caught a single fish, and are greatly mortified. They determine to try their luck farther off, and wander away out of sight. They stop where the slough narrows and an old tree bends low and casts a deep shadow over the water. Hugh takes a larger hook, puts on his biggest minnow from the bucket, and casts his line. At the moment it strikes the water he feels a bite. Jerk—jerk—away goes the line. His rod bends violently.

"Hold on, Hugh, hold on! he's a whopper. I saw him!" cried Ralph, sinking on his knees in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

The great fish is thrashing the water back and forth.

"Give him his head!" directed Ralph; "give him his head till he gets tired."

A few moments of breathless, eager anxiety, and they put their young wits to work to capture the prize.

"He's growing tired now. You stand farther down and I'll coax him up, and you grab him."

It is near the shore. Risking all, Hugh gives a jerk, but the fish is too heavy for his pole; still Ralph catches the line and drags the fish ashore; but with a great flounder it tears itself loose—another and it will be back in the water. Can Hugh bear to lose it? No! He flings himself upon the fish and grovels in the wet sand. How it fights and struggles! It is a game fish, but it is a game boy! As fast as it wriggles out, Hugh wriggles down over it. His legs are in the water, sand is in his mouth, but he does not let go. Ralph is dodging around, wild to help.

"Double the line—make a noose—here, slip it under his gills."

The string tightens instantly, and they haul the prize safely up.

Away they start, dragging the fish, shouting wildly. All rush to meet them.

"Jeminently!" cried Mr. Larks; "a ten-pound salmon, or it may be twelve. Where did you get him? How did you land him?"

A loud and excited account of their exploit was received with great applause. The boys were soaked with mud and water. Their clothes were torn, their hands were bleeding, their faces were daubed with mud and sand. But pride and satisfaction shone in their countenances. They felt themselves to be heroes, and were so regarded by their admiring friends.

"Now, won't we have a chowder!" said Mrs. Larks. "But every one must help. Boys, go up to the house, and on the rafters you'll find the old clothes you laughed at me for bringing." They went to work with right good will.

Jenny split the hard crackers and buttered them, Mr. Larks weepingly sliced the onion, Dum and Dee laid the cloth and set the table. Frank meekly brought sticks for the fire—he hadn't caught a big fish, poor boy! Mrs. Larks peeled the potatoes, and cut thin slices of pork, while to Hugh and Ralph belonging the honor of superintending Jacob in preparing the great fish for the pot. Everything is ready, in go the layers, while they all stand around and watch the process with absorbed attention. Pork, fish, onion, tomato, pork, fish, etc., until the kettle is full; then the crackers on top.

"Now, boys, fill up with water—not too full—put on the cover, draw up the coals, so! and we have nothing to do but—wait!"

The boys rolled on the grass and groaned with hunger. Mrs. Larks and the little girls sat on one of the blankets spread out on the ground. Mr. Larks lay on another, with his head resting luxuriously on a fat bolster.

"Was that good straw you got us to sleep on, Jacob?" asked Mrs. Larks.

"Jist as clean as a whistle, sir."

Now Mrs. Larks got up and took the cover off the pot, and looked and tasted.

"That has a powerfu' nourishin' smell," said Jacob.

"And it is done," said Mrs. Larks.

She filled the plates as they all gathered around the cloth spread on the grass.

Mr. Larks tasted.

"Now I call that a good chowder."

He tasted again.

"I call it a first-rate chowder, a tip-top chowder. Ladies and gentlemen, hurrah for the first cook and the first lady in the land!"

They all waved their spoons and responded lustily, and then "fell to" upon the savory feast.

The sun had set when dinner was over, and they piled the logs high till the blaze leaped up cheerily, and they sat around the fire and told stories of a good Indian, a cunning bear, and a brave stag that swam the Mississippi. Then the moon came sailing swiftly up through the dark trees, and they were tired. Each took a blanket and all went to the old log-house and lay down on the straw, piled deep and soft over the floor. They heard the faint, lonely cries of a bird, but the murmur of the great river and of the woods hushed them to sleep.—*St. Nicholas.*

Of the thirty-five Seniors at Williams College, twenty-four are Free Traders, seven are Protectionists, one is a disciple of Ruskin and one of Malthus. Nearly one-half of them have embraced the philosophy of Dr. Hopkins, four incline to Common Sense, and the rest are divided among Transcendentalism, Optimism, Nihilism, Sentimentalism, Ideal-Realism, Hobbes's system and Berkley's system. There are fifteen Congregationalists, eleven Presbyterians, four Episcopalians, one Methodist, one Quaker and two Liberals. In politics twenty-four are Republicans, four Democrats, four Independents, one is on the fence, and one rises high and dry above all parties. Two are to become lawyers, five physicians, nine ministers and four teachers; four are to be business men, one is to a journalist, and nine are still undecided.

King Humbert, of Italy, Miss Annie H. Brewster writes, "looks wretchedly—haggard, stony-eyed and anxious. The Queen, on the contrary, is plump and happy. Life goes easily with her is her nature."

It was the women, not men, of Cincinnati, who started the movement to compel the factories to use smoke consumers.

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Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but **PHOSPHATE SOAP** is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

Ladies who have injured the skin by the constant use of cosmetics may do much to restore their faces to that beauty which nature alone can give by constantly using **PHOSPHATE SOAP.**

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

For chapped hands the constant use of **PHOSPHATE SOAP** will be recommended by all who give it one fair trial.

Sensible girls avoid cosmetics but use **PHOSPHATE SOAP** for the toilet because it is fragrant, pure and pleasant.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use **PHOSPHATE SOAP.**

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—GENTLEMEN: I have tried your "Phosphate Soap" the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the *natural oil so essential* to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.
C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—GENTS: I have tried your "Phosphate Soap," and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents.
HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

STANDARD SOAP CO.,
204 Sacramento St., S. F.

Wit and Humor.

Guest—"Waiter, bring me another dish of peas and a magnifying glass."

Skyrockets were recently quoted with an upward tendency.—[New Haven Register.

Fine clothes do not make the man until they are paid for.—[New Orleans Picayune.

The climax of avarice: Always to pass rapidly before one's glass, for fear of wearing it out.

Advice to some would-be wits: "A little wisdom now and then is relished by most foolish men.—Oil City Derrick.

It doesn't do to look squint-eyed at a man with a pistol in Texas, unless you prefer to look like a porous plaster.—[Herald, P. I.

A country girl, getting off a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke.—[N. Y. Herald.

Weston was a book canvasser. When one of the tribe visits you, tell him of Weston's success and bid him kindly, but firmly, to walk!—[Boston Transcript.

"No doubt about it."—Grandmother—"Now, Minnie, what is the plural of penny?" Minnie—"Plural of penny, Grandma? Why, twopence, of course."—[Fun.

A college orator in a spiked-tail coat points the way to true greatness and then goes and rents himself as a pitcher for a professional nine.—[New Orleans Picayune.

"My dear sir, I adore your daughter, and I wish to ask for her hand."

"But I have two, which one will you have?"

"Either."

A poet in the Whitehall Times exclaims: "I am haunted, weirdly haunted, by the dripping of the rain." The Boston Post would advise new shingles as a remedy.

A North Carolina lady is said by a Raleigh paper to be "worth $400,000 in the great staple of her State." Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar!—[N. Y. Graphic.

"Woman is a delusion," said a crusty old bachelor in our sanctum recently. Snodgrass retorted: "Well, man is always hugging some delusion or other."—[Baltimorean.

And now it is the college graduates who are threatened with ruin by cheap Chinese labor. Yale College conferred the degree of A. B. on a Mongolian.—[Philadelphia Times.

Peaches are bad in spots.—New Orleans Picayune. Pardon. Spots are bad in peaches.—New York Mail. Pardon again. Spotted peaches are bad any way you take 'em.

A druggist, recollecting the Latin compliment to the product of the vineyard, *In vino veritas*, has put up this inscription to the credit of his soda fountain: *In soda sanitas*.

There are two things that perhaps no living man can accomplish at the same time, and they are to shout at a dog and take a drink from the nozzle of the garden hose.—[N. Y. Star.

A "facer."—Dissipated tramp—"You'll know me ag'in, guv'nor." British workman (who had certainly looked at him).—"Not if you washes yourself, I sha'n't."—[Punch.

This is the season of the year when the ardent college graduate applies for the editorship of the great daily, and afterward accepts a responsible situation as the driver of a street-car.—[Chicago Times.

An old-fashioned minister, passing a fashionable church, not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

They were speaking yesterday of X., who has been appointed to a foreign mission.

"He's a bad egg," says tersely one of the interlocutors, who had frequent cause to complain of him.

"Oh, but you know," said the other, "that he is very capable."

"Yes—capable of anything."

Dialogue:—"And when you thus by accident witnessed the abominable conduct of your wife and her lover, what was the expression of your countenance?"

"I did not say a word—I was far too angry for that. I contented myself with regarding them with a look that was absolutely freezing!"

A Story of Old Peter Willard.—Peter was apt to be very short of funds, and one Fourth of July, being in need of a little money to "celebrate" with, he hit upon an excellent expedient for a draft from one of his particular friends, Judge Paine. Going up to him, he said: "Judge Paine, I drove twelve geese out of your mowing today." "Did you?" replied the judge, kindly, "then you ought to have a quarter," passing it over to him. Peter left, but soon after returned, saying: "Judge Paine," I didn't tell you the whole story—I drove the geese in first!"—[Worcester Spy.

In a Chinese collection of jests is one which our readers may recognize as an old acquaintance:

A man, undergoing the punishment of a thief's collar, was asked by an acquaintance how he got into such an awkward scrape. "Why," says the man, "I was walking along the road, and saw an old hay-band rope on the ground. I thought it was no use to any one, so foolishly brought it home."

His friend asked why his punishment was so severe.

"I don't know except that there was a little ox tied at the end of the rope."

A lad entered the city office yesterday and presented an order calling for the payment of 25 cents for his services in impounding a dog. The money was handed over, and then an officer asked whose dog it was.

"Mine," said the boy.

"Yours?" ejaculated the astonished officer; "why, what do you want to impound your own dog for?"

"'Cause," said the boy, "'cause when dogs is 25 cents apiece I sells out every time. I'd rather have a quarter than a dog any time."—[Toledo Commercial.

Mrs. Boggs Resolves that She will Never Speak Again.

Mrs. Boggs doesn't read the papers very often, but she got hold of one the other day, and her eye chanced to fall upon the narrative of that eccentric man who died at Utica, New York, who concluded in his early wedded life that talking did more harm than good, and swore he would never speak another word so long as he lived. And the determined man didn't from that time out, a period of over fifty years. Mrs. Boggs had had a more than usually severe dispute with her husband that morning, and this, together with what she had read, set her thinking. The result was she determined to follow that Utica man's example and never speak more, and with that quick decision and nervous energy which distinguished Mrs. Boggs, she proceeded to put her resolve into immediate execution.

"No," cried Mrs. Boggs, springing from her chair, "I will never again utter a word, so help—" Then she checked herself abruptly, as she realized that she was breaking her contract at the very outset. This showed the necessity for keeping a sharp watch upon her tongue.

Just at that moment she recollected that she had set a sponge to rise back of the kitchen stove for her week's baking, and fearing that it had been standing too long, she rushed into the kitchen and found that her sponge had run all over the hearth and soured beyond the reach of any saleratus to restore it.

"Sakes alive!" shouted Mrs. Boggs, as she surveyed the disaster, but recollecting herself she shut her mouth tight in an instant, though her lips moved spasmodically at intervals, denoting the emotions that were raging within.

Then the door-bell rang and Mrs. Boggs proceeded to answer it. She found a tramp standing there, who made a piteous appeal for something to eat. He had walked all the way from Minnesota, he said, on a solitary cracker, and was going to the eastern limit of Maine, where, as he learned, a farmer had advertised for a hired man. Mrs. Boggs utterly detests a tramp, and she never misses an opportunity to free her mind to one of them. But she couldn't talk, so what could she do? Then she bethought herself of a slate and pencil in a back room up-stairs. She rushed up after them, and then the tramp quietly collected Boggs' overcoat and best hat, and Mrs. Boggs' waterproof, that were hanging on the hat-rack, and walked off. Mrs. B. had to hunt for some time before she found the slate, opening and shutting drawers and climbing a chair to inspect high shelves, etc., amid half-suppressed mutterings and an occasional exclamation of "Botheration!" "Well, I never!" "For mercy sakes!" etc. When she descended to the hall again her quick eye fell at once upon the empty hat-rack, and she realized in an instant what had happened.

"Goodness gracious, gracious goodness!" shrieked Mrs. Boggs, rushing out on the steps. "Stop—" then she stopped suddenly short herself, feeling that she had again broken a solemn obligation, and worse than ever before. As her resolution not to talk would seriously interfere with her success in trying to have the thief overtaken, she concluded to let him go.

For an hour or two Mrs. Boggs got along very well, for she took some sewing and worked industriously at it with no one to interrupt. Once, however, the cat bounced suddenly on to the piano keys in one of her playful freaks, causing Mrs. B. to exclaim "My!" but she mentally concluded that a little word like that shouldn't count, anyway. While she was busily thinking how utterly crestfallen Boggs would be when he came to realize that she had actually foresworn talking for all time to come, as a punishment on him for teasing and worrying her so, and that henceforth their conversation would have to be carried on with a slate and pencil, a hand came down upon her shoulder, and she jumped about three feet out of her chair, as she screamed, "For the land's sake!" It was nobody but Mrs. Popbottle, her neighbor, who had come in to borrow a teacupful of saleratus, though she thought for a moment that her last hour had surely arrived.

Mrs. Popbottle was lavish in her apologies for startling her so, and being a woman who talks incessantly when she once gets under way, never permitting any other woman to squeeze a word in edgeways, the interview passed off without any necessity for Mrs. Boggs explaining her silence.

Mr. Boggs took his lunch down town, usually, and came home to his dinner at five o'clock. The dinner hour arrived, but so did not Boggs. And dinner was ready, but Boggs wasn't ready for his dinner. Nor did he come until along in the small hours of the next morning, when Mrs. B. was awakened from a fitful doze by hearing him at the door. Boggs had been up late at "the club" and was drunk. "Here," thought Mrs. B., realizing the situation, "is an opportunity to test the firmness of my resolution not to talk. If I can pass through this tying ordeal I can hold my tongue as long as I live."

Then she threw on a wrapper, and taking her slate and pencil in hand, went to the door, first turning up the light in the hall.

"Who'mi (hic) who you?" hiccoughed Boggs, as he staggered into the hall.

Then Mrs. Boggs wrote on the slate, "I am your own wife, dear Boggy, but I can never speak to you more," and handed it to him with sweetness and patience. Boggs gazed at it in a dazed sort of way for a moment, and then he burst out—"Who-ho tol' you to put it on er slate? Don't wannozzer on er slate. I pays for every dropperlicker I (hic) or'ers. No slate for *me*." Then he took and broke it over Mrs. B's head. That settled it. Her resolution to talk no more was utterly swallowed up in her suddenly awakened wrath, and seizing Boggs by the coat collar, she snaked him off, exclaiming. "*You* miserable, detestable, abandoned, pernicious, cankering, unprofitable, detrimental, morbific, infernal, spasmodic, and monumental drunken idiot! strike your wife, will you? Break the furniture over your suffering wife's head. Oh, I'll teach you!" and she slammed him in and shut the door. But the neighbors say that a woman's voice, pitched on a very high key, and running at the rate of at least sixty knots an hour, was heard in the Boggs mansion until a late hour in the morning.

A man might hold his tongue fifty years, perhaps, but no woman could do it fifty minutes, and live.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A Veteran of '12.

A remarkable old man passed through St. Thomas last Friday over the Canada Southern Railway. His home is in Lexington, Ky.; he is in the 88th year of his age; his mind is as bright as a mirror; and his life is part of his country's history. This man is Thomas P. Dudley. He is a Baptist preacher of the Old School, still in the active ministry; he serves four churches, to one of which he drives twenty-five miles; and over one church his father and himself have presided as pastors for an uninterrupted period of almost 100 years. His father was a soldier of the Revolution, and it was his uncle who commanded the American troops at Dudley's Defeat.

Six of the seven brothers took part in the war of 1812-15. Two of them fought at River Raisin, two at Fort Meiggs, two at Moraviantown, and two at New Orleans. Thomas P. Dudley was at the first and last. They had a two days' engagement at River Raisin, and on the second day he was wounded and taken prisoner. Himself and three comrades were confined in a room of the Red Tavern, in charge of three interpreters. Nearly the whole British force marched off to Fort Detroit, leaving only a small guard over the prisoners. Two days after the battle—January 23, 1813—the Indians, freed from civilized restraint, began the butchery of the prisoners. They entered the room in which Mr. Dudley was confined, and struck their tomahawks into the skulls of his comrades. No hand was raised against him, but he was stripped of coats and boots and let out into the street, to stand stocking-footed in the snow. "The tomahawking and scalping went on around me," he said, "and I soon concluded that they were reserving me for torture." Two savages came up, pointed to the blood-stain on his shoulder, and walked away. A third one—a young brave—did the same thing, smiled a friendly smile and said: "Me save you." And he did. He returned in a few minutes, accompanied by his father, and after giving his prisoner a blanket, a pair of moccasins, red apple and a daub of war paint, marched him off in the direction of Fort Detroit. They walked thirty-six miles, and halted for the night by the British camp fires of the previous night. The evening was spent in dressing six or seven scalps of butchered Kentuckians, which were stretched on small hoops and strung on a stick. In the morning Mr. Dudley was given another daub of war paint, and his head was copiously adorned with eagles' feathers. Thus disguised, and made to carry the scalps of his comrades at "shoulder-arms" order, he was marched on to the Fort. "I tell you it was a hard trial, and my temper almost got the mastery over me as I reflected upon what my mother might say to see me bearing such a trophy. The sight of the strong fort which our General had surrendered only intensified my feelings; but I was helpless, and with a strong effort I controlled myself." In the fort his wound was dressed by a British surgeon, and next day he was removed across the river to Sandwich.

Thence he was taken over Longwoods road to Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara river, and paroled after a few weeks' confinement. Subsequently he was included in an exchange of prisoners, and joined the army of the South. He was Quartermaster-General at New Orleans, and took part in the great battle fought there. "I surveyed the field after the battle, and I felt that the butchery of the River Raisin was avenged."

Elder Dudley must have been a man of prepossessing appearance in his prime. Though somewhat bent, he is still fully six feet in stature. His face is intellectual and finely cast, and he has the bearing and manner of a gentleman. His memory is wonderfully retentive. He has read no book for the past six years, owing to failing vision; but the Bible is as familiar to him as household words, and in sermons of an hour's time he quotes book, chapter and verse without a single lapse. In discourse he is vigorous, fluent and logical; he is never involved or obscure; and he says what he intends in polished Anglo-Saxon. He has been a steady and extensive contributor to the publications of his church for almost half a century, and his writings are marked by the same strong individuality as his sermons. He writes and speaks what he feels and believes.—*St. Thomas* (Ont.) *Journal.*

The Emperor William is so extremely fond of militarism that he is said to be "pipe-clay all over." His palace resembles a military museum rather than a royal residence. Every room in it has pictures of battles, portraits, busts and statues of princes in uniform. In the entrance vestibule figure two large paintings which represent his Majesty charging the revolutionary rabble in 1848, when he was prince, and just before that rabble compelled him to fly to London disguised as a coachman under the name of Miller. This recollection is evidently a bitter one, else so much prominence would hardly be given to pictures recalling episodes which one might think an Emperor would rather forget. In the reception saloon, where stands a bronze statue of Frederick the Great, there are a number of shelves, some of which are covered with miniature models of cannon, rifles and shells, and others with wooden statuettes clad in the uniforms of almost every country in the world.

Mr. Talmage recently lectured in Glasgow for the benefit of the building fund of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Association. He took occasion to remark that he would rather live ten years now than 500 in the time of Methuselah.

Syrian Ladies at Home.

After a few moments Madame Meshaka entered, making excuses for her husband's absence, through our interpreter, and requesting most earnestly that we would make our visit to her, and soon sending for her sister, who spoke French, we spent half an hour very enjoyably with them. They are Syrian women of the best type, with fine, bright faces, and in European dress, that of our hostess being an embroidered white wrapper, with red silk girdle about her waist, and, like her sister, artificial flowers in her hair, which latter is at almost universal custom with these people if dressed with any pretentions. Even little girls, when appearing "dressed up," all have artificial flowers on their heads. Both ladies, when they entered, had over their slippers wooden clogs, which are used by the peasantry, and slipped them off before stepping on the carpet; and, referring to this custom, they said "they were put on when crossing the court-yard, from habit, as it was often damp, and thus their feet were raised above the ground."

We thought these must be difficult to walk with, but they were much amused at the idea, and produced a pair which were much higher than any we had seen, saying "that those were the kind a lady wore just after marriage, to make her look tall and of more importance than heretofore, raising her at least a foot above the ground, but they were only worn a short time." I suppose she meant until her friends were fully impressed with her importance. Referring to our free untrammeled life, Madame—putting her hands to her mouth several times and throwing them out gracefully—said: "How happy we must be to be able to smell the wind." She did not doubt but that in the three days we had passed in Damascus we had seen more than she had seen in all her life.

According to the custom of her race, the women almost never go outside of their own doors. Having been married at fourteen, she is now, at twenty-three, the mother of five or six children, and shut up with them within these walls, from one year's end to another. We sympathized with her most heartily when she sighed over the dullness of the life it was their lot to lead. Not, however, nearly as hard for those who have known no better, as we know it would be for us unless it became a necessity from ill health. The other call we made was on a wealthy Jewish family, the house being of the same general design, and fitted up with great elegance, the walls being made up of rare marbles, and spaces between the windows built to imitate temples with arched roofs and slender pillars. A fountain in the saloon makes it as cool and fresh as if we had entered another country, after coming from the hot, dusty street.

Here the females were all robed in calico or cambric, but the mother wore about her neck a rare collection of pearls, and the guide said, "if one called on their Sunday they would be richly arrayed and decorated with diamonds." They were cordial, and entertained us as best they could, offering coffee as they had done at the Consulate. And if time had permitted, other houses would have been open to us. But the next thing on the programme was to ride about the city and see the old walls, having the house of Naaman pointed out and the place where St. Paul was let down in a basket from the wall; a piece of the old Roman highway where he was converted, and in a small church the spot where he was baptized. All of which were very interesting, as well as the different quarters of the city—Christian, Jewish and Moslem—through which we passed. —*Damascus Letter to Boston Traveller.*

A Turkish Dinner.

Having no lady to look after, the guest need stand on no ceremony—indeed, he need not stand at all. He crosses his legs upon the cushion which is spread for him, takes his spoon in one hand and his *serviette* in the other, and, without a word, waits till the dishes come. Presently attendants bring a huge round tray, upon which there is a large bowl of soup, together with a little plate and one knife and fork for each guest. There are, besides, several tiny dishes, upon which are displayed sweetmeats, pickles, caviare and olives; some pieces of bread complete the array. For a moment the diners regard the tray, and, perchance, taste an olive or a sweet. But the chief of the table, if he be an intelligent person, does not waste much time. With a wave of his hand, to encourage his friends, he dips his spoon into the soup-bowl, conveys the rich gravy to his mouth, and in this is at once imitated by all his guests. This dipping goes on until the bowl is empty, when another dish makes its appearance, consisting of some sort of hash. Then come cutlets and fowls, which are eaten with the fingers. And now comes the critical moment for you, if you are present at this feast as a stranger. You, as an European, will have placed your meat on your plate, and will be carefully cutting it up, when suddenly a more than ordinarily juicy morsel will be pushed into your mouth by a pair of very greasy fingers. You must not resent this; it is a token of loving kindness—a sign that you are respected, esteemed, beloved. Eat it; you are a favored mortal. Vegetables and pastry succeed, followed by pastry and "pillaw." Then water is poured over your hands, coffee and cigarettes come, and your dinner is finished.

To boil eggs properly, place them in a dish having a close cover; pour over boiling water; cover and set away from the fire for ten minutes. Eggs cooked in this way are more delicate and digestible than when allowed to boil in the old way. The heat of the water cooks them slowly to a jelly-like consistency; leaving the yolk harder than the white.

Though charity may make your purse lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier another.

In the public schools of Mississippi there are more colored than white children.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT, ...EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL, ...AUG. 16, 1879

Adventuresses in Washington.

No city in the republic, not even New York, so swarms with adventuresses as Washington, which has for years been the chosen field of the bold, dangerous, wholly unprincipled tribe. They can be counted by hundreds; they are of every sort and degree. They are in the departments, at the hotels, at the boarding-houses—everywhere that a man can be found, seduced, or frightened. Their missions are multifarious, and their movements mysterious. They are seeking positions; they are lobbyists; they have, or their friends have, claims. They need personal, political, pecuniary assistance — indeed, all kinds, except the moral kind. Most of them are blackmailers. They are so crafty and treacherous that public men of reputation or means are afraid of, and always on the alert against, them. The late Salmon P. Chase would never, during his official life at the capital, see a woman he did not know intimately, except in the presence of witnesses. Many Congressmen, Senators, and other officeholders have also made it a rule to receive no visits from women alone. Senator Chandler, though not noted for delicacy, is particularly careful on this point. So is Ben Butler, despite his audacity and recklessness. These and other public men refuse to see women at their rooms, or houses, or anywhere without third persons. The experience of others, if not their own, has made them wary and apprehensive. There are, doubtless, many men not afraid of any man. We question if there be any man not afraid of women. If there be, he has surely never been in Washington.—*New York Letter.*

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time on some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the land of promise?—*Bishop Foster's Sermons.*

In the town of Nablus or Shechem, where Jacob bought the parcel of ground on which his well is still to be seen, there are now living about 150 descendents of the original Samaritans. The temple which was built after the captivity on the top of a mountain near Nablus has disappeared, but the old observances laid down in the Pentateuch are still kept up. A correspondent of The Methodist, who was there at the feast of the Passover, says, he saw the ceremonies carried out just as they were arranged by Moses. A few moment before sunset the congregation assembled with the Chief Priest and the elders for the sacrifice. They repeated portions of Scripture, and then seven rams were led out and examined by the High Priest to see that they were without blemishes, and exactly as the sun sank behind the sea their throats were cut. The blood of one was collected in a basin, and one of the elders, with a bunch of hyssop, marked the doors of the tents.

A young lady has written a book called "My Lovers." It begins, of course, at Chap. I.

A down-east paper says that busy people are never cheats, suicides or misanthropes.

Subscribe for the STANDARD.

A pretty little girl, in whose cheap and plain dress the child of a laborer could be recognized, contemplated, in company with her mother, the rich show-window of a toy store on the Boulevard. Her mother, pointing at the biggest and most richly dressed of the dolls, said: "You would like to have that, wouldn't you, Louise?" "Oh, no, mamma, not that one; it is too well dressed for me." "And what difference does that make to you?" "Why, I'd want to be my dolly's mamma, and not her servant-girl."—*French Newspaper.*

Up one day and down the next—The weight of a clock.

Wyoming has a wrestler named Hammer. A sort of a trip Hammer.

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We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), *Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Chest Protectors Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the*

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

French and English Perfumery,

BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,

A Fine Lot of

FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a fbll assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and Enduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and peafect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, **J. W. EVANS,**

29 Post Street, San Francisco.

Mechanic's Institute Building.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC LEOD.

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,

Grain Bags,

Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

GREAT REDUCTION!

—IN—

DRY G ODS, CLOTHING,

FANCY GOODS,

Etc., Etc.

The above goods will be sold for the next 60 DAYS at 25 per cent. less than they can be bought in any other place in this county.

DRESS GOODS, worth 30 and 35 cts.,			**15 Cts.**
"	"	50 "	**25 "**
"	"	75 "	**40 "**
"	"	1 00 "	**62½ "**
MEN'S SUITS, worth $20,			**$12.50**
"	"	$25,	**15,00**

Call in before purchasing elsewhere,

Haas & Kauffman.

Winters.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when yott want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

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